THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

MARCH, 1809.

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TO THE READERS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WITH the usual return of the season of completing a Volume, we are happy to express our grateful sentiments for the encouragement we continue to receive from a liberal and discerning public. It is no small satisfaction, neither is it any inconsiderable indication of some merit, at least in the intention, to have braved the frowns of criticism, and to have weathered the storms and inconstant variation of public opinion, during a period of upwards of sixteen years.—A numerous body of competitors, we are happy to say, instead of weakening, have only tended to confirm our friends and subscribers in their partiality towards our endeavours, and to fix that preference which they had previously given to our labours.—The confidence we have thus been honoured with we trust has never been abused. Occasional, though unintentional deviations, we are free to confess, and equally as ready to avoid or correct, when designated by the finger of candid criticism.—In this temper and disposition, we flatter ourselves with a continuance of the approbation of our numerous readers.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1809.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

COURT-MARTIAL.

THE preceding month has been somewhat fertile in instances of disputes, more or less disastrous. Lieutenant and Paymaster Robert Robertson, of the Royal Pembroke Militia, has been adjudged to be reprimanded publicly, for insolent and disrespectful conduct to Major Herries, his Commanding Officer.

It is exceedingly to be regretted, that we have so many succeeding examples of insubordination in the army, and more especially at a period like the present, when our political existence as a nation may be dependent upon the moral honour of the army. We perceive likewise, with much concern, a growing spirit of intolerance in our young men, without a proportionate desire to amend their own frailties. The only thing that can render firmness respectable, is to be just in those sensations which constitute that mental resolution; otherwise it would degenerate into obstinacy, and lose all its beauty of character. When a man becomes a soldier, he will find it necessary to be more circumspect in his expression and action than in ordinary situations: his personal honour must be preserved without blemish; but that sentimental purity cannot be, if his weaknesses are suffered to operate to the furtherance of his own shame, and the danger of the delicate service he has undertaken.

COL. BROWNE *v.* MAYNARD BLAKE, ESQ.

Mr. Blake was brought into the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, in custody of the Sheriff, for having used opprobrious epithets against Colonel Browne, for which he was solemnly reproved from the seat of judgment, the Hon. Mr. Justice Day. His sentence was, six months imprisonment, to be fined, and give adequate security for his future good behaviour.

Thus we have another instance of strong legal coercion in our sister kingdom, against the indulgence of personal animosity; and certainly the Magistrates cannot exercise their authority to more advantage, than when they apply the strong arm of the law to restrain the madnes of prejudice. Were men but half as willing to appear reasonable and forgiving, as they are to appear jealous of affronts, we should preserve many valuable lives, and be more socially happy.

On such occasions as these, it would be necessary for Ridicule to assist the Magistrate; for if once that false glitter of renown could be removed from the crest of the successful duellist, we should soon have the melancholy number of murdered fathers, sons and brothers, reduced; and men forgive

the lesser injuries of life, without the fear of becoming censurable for the practice of a required mercy.

LORD RANELAGH AND MAJOR SMITH.

The circumstances of this case having been detailed in our last Number, we shall merely point to it, as being another of those multifarious events which daily occur, to prove the degeneracy of modern manners. It appeared that Major Smith called Lord Ranelagh "a liar and a rascal," than which he could not, perhaps, have found two coarser words in the nomenclature of our tongue: yet it does not appear that the Major exhibited any consequent signs of remorse for having thus debased *himself*, but seemed extremely apprehensive that he should be taken for an honest citizen on a Sunday excursion!—Yet we very much doubt whether an honest cockney would not indignantly reject any similarity to a person who could thus grossly misconduct himself.—It is in the power of the most unworthy of mankind to assume importance and demand respect; but it is in the capacity of the worthy only to receive it.—Manners make the man, and he who despises the axiom will be inevitably despised himself.

There is no principle of action which can be inculcated, that deserves the serious consideration of our young men, so much as the preservation of their moral honour. Honour is that esteem which one man hath of the worth and excellence of another; and when this esteem is duly bestowed, it constitutes the purest reward of virtue, and is most elevated when accompanied with religion. The study and practice of Christianity attenuates and softens down the ruder passions, without diminishing the basis of true courage; it teaches him to attain the noblest ends by the properest means; he encounters danger and difficulty with calmness of thought and presence of mind, without which enterprise is but rashness, and action, violence. A man of true honour has a corresponding principle of kindness, which leads him to be just to himself in order to be just towards others; and then, as Polonius says to his son,

"He can be false to no man."

True greatness of mind does not consist in obeying the impulse of a disordered imagination, or in attempting to be redoubtable; but in an undeviating labour to do towards others as you would they should act towards you, and by making the institutes of good sense as governing as possible. W.

LIEUT.-COL. TUCKER.

ALTHOUGH in no degree inclined to enter into the hacknied and almost worn-out subject of "*the Duke of York and Mrs. Clark*," yet as some abstract points may be entitled to consideration, we deem it necessary to notice the following copy of a letter from Lt.-Col. Tucker to the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, read upon the inquiry into the charges against the Duke of York, and ordered to be entered upon the Journals. Some very incorrect reports of this letter having gone abroad, we, in justice to the party, insert a correct copy.

(PUBLIC)

"*Adjutant-General's Office, Edinburgh, Feb.* 12, 1809.

"SIR—Having perceived, with con-

considerable regret, that the name of my lamented brother, who was lately lost in his Majesty's sloop Primrose, has been brought forward by Mrs. Clarke, in her examination before the Honourable House of Commons; I trust you will excuse my addressing you, with a view to remove any impression from the public, that either *he* or *myself* have obtained our promotion, at any time, through the means of *undue* or *improper* influence; for which purpose, I hope I may be permitted to state *facts*, without incurring the imputation of presumption or vanity. My brother's military career was commenced in 1790, in India, where he served during the campaign of Marquis Cornwallis in that country. He subsequently served in Egypt as Major of Brigade to Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, through whose friendship and good opinion he obtained the *Brevet-rank* which he held in the service. That of Major was conferred upon him, in consequence of his situation as Deputy Adjutant-General to the forces employed under Sir David Baird at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope; and that of Lieut.-Colonel was obtained for him by the same excellent Officer, on their return from the Cape. He had obtained an effective Majority, a few weeks prior to his melancholy and lamented fate, having served as Assistant-Adjutant-General in Zealand, and as Deputy-Adjutant-General to the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, in Portugal. Of his merits, as an Officer, many distinguished members of the Hon. House are able to speak, and, I doubt not, will do justice to his memory and character.

"With respect to my own promotion, I can solemnly declare that *I have obtained it in regular regimental succession, by purchase*, with the exception of my Ensigncy and Lieutenantcy, which were given to me, and the *Brevet-rank* of Lieutenant-Colonel, which I received, in consequence of having been selected, by Sir Samuel Achmuty, to be the bearer of his dispatches, announcing the reduction of *Monte Video*, in South America, by assault, on the 3d of February, 1807. I have had the honour of serving as a volunteer on several expeditions, *and I feel confident* that I have used every endeavour to merit the favours which my gracious Sovereign has deigned to confer upon me.

"I feel it due to my deceased brother and to myself, to make this communication to you, being *solicitous* that my *Brother Officers* may not be induced to believe, from the declaration of Mrs. Clarke, that any *undue* or *improper influence* has in the least degree *tended to procure* rank to *either*; and as my feelings are naturally interested on this unpleasant subject, I earnestly request that you will have the goodness to cause this statement to be made *as public* as possible.—Trusting to your liberality, I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN G. P. TUCKER, Lt.-Col."

"To the Hon. the Chairman of the Committee."

It may be proper to observe, that Mrs. Clarke, in her evidence, stated, that the name of Captain Tucker, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Tucker, was one in a list of names handed by her to the Duke, for promotion. It was a list, however, received from one of her agents: she had no knowledge of Captain Tucker.

DUKE

DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

WE have extracted the following just compliment to that excellent ornament of the turf, the Duke of Queensberry, from a new military pamphlet, entitled, *Operations of the British Army in Spain.*

"Among those who have interested themselves in the cause of Spain, the name of the Duke of Queensberry stands gloriously conspicuous. This nobleman, who is now descended into the vale of years, has also been prominent for his gallantries. Yet we find, when the tide of goodness flows, that there is none more willing to swell its divine stream with the tribute of charity! His recent offerings flowed in abundance, like manna in the wilderness, to cheer the objects of public bounty. We mean no disrespect to the rigid observer of forms, when we aver, that we should have more sincere reliance on the tender operations of his gay, but feeling heart, than on those puritanic orders, who are so eager to weigh the merits of the claimant by a severe decorum. In the embers of his existence, we discover those traits of magnanimity which arise and sparkle in the face of heaven, and elevate the donor far above the pretensions of those iron moralists, who would tight-lace the passions, and make our best energies but secondary to the zeal of worldly discretion. Though his Grace may feelingly exclaim with Horace,

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ,

The recollection of his past joys has not soured the channels of his sympathetic soul. We do not write this as an excuse for meretriciousness, but as a due qualification of the eventual tendencies of a lively nature. Then let the *grizettes* of Piccadilly pass muster, without an anathema from hypocrisy, or the Tabernacle."

WALKING MATCH.

THE race between Captain Hewetson and Mr. Howe, which should go the greatest number of miles in 24 hours, for 200gs. was decided on Tuesday, the 28th inst. The gentlemen started at Cobham-common on Monday morning, and at two o'clock the Captain had gone 39 miles in six hours, and Mr. Howe 35 only. At eight o'clock, half the time having expired, the Captain had gone 62 miles, and Mr. Howe 60. They then rested until one o'clock, when they resumed their labours.—Captain H. after completing 78 miles, retired to rest without being able to start again; Mr. Howe went 80 miles, and retired also. At eight o'clock, Mr. Howe was declared the winner.

SPORTING TRESPASS.

TRIED AT THE SURREY ASSIZES.

Fanshawe *v.* Bellamy.

THE plaintiff is a gentleman of fortune residing at Chipsted, where he has considerable property, which he has much improved by plantations of timber trees, to the ornament of the country also. In planting, he spared no expence in fencing the young trees by hedges and banks, which he was naturally desirous to keep from being wantonly broken down.—For this reason, as well as for preserving the game, he did not like the intrusion of strangers, who, under pretence of shooting, broke his hedges and destroyed his game.

On the 3d of September last, the

the plaintiff being in his house, heard some guns fired, and sent a servant to enquire who the persons were, to desire them to desist, and to go off his ground; he went, and found the defendant and another man, to whom he delivered his message with civility, but was answered, that they should not tell him their names, that they had brought the game on the land, and would follow it if it went into the garden (they were then only two fields from it). They both immediately fired at some birds which rose. The servant went back and told his master what had passed, who directed him to repeat the message. He found them still on the ground, and again applied for their names, desiring them to go off. The defendant then shewed a shooting certificate, with the name of Richard Bellamy, of Brompton.—The other man refused to give his name. They remained on the plaintiff's land above an hour after being spoken to, and had fired eight or ten times in all.—Defendant is said to have some property in Essex, but none in Surrey.

For this trespass the plaintiff brought the present action, and the Jury gave him a verdict with 20l. damages.

It has been found that the other man, who has taken out a shooting certificate in the name of William Groom, *Esquire*, of Chelsea, is one who, out of the shooting season, condescends to work as a journeyman carpenter.

LORD PAGET.

LORD Paget, a nobleman distinguished as a General of Cavalry, and who recently signalised himself in the campaign in Spain, himself a married man, with a family of eight children, has eloped with Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the brother of a Noble Marquis, and Secretary of the Treasury. Lady Charlotte is the daughter of the Earl of Cadogan. She is in her twenty-eighth year; she married Mr. Wellesley in the year 1803, and the fruit of the union is a family of four children. Thus, no less than sixteen individuals are directly involved in the misery consequent upon this guilty act. Mr. W. is somewhat younger than the seducer, who is in his forty-first year.

The Hon. Mr. W. was ill at the time of the elopement. The Earl of Uxbridge, the father of Lord P. is inconsolable, this being the second instance within twelve months in which a son of his has committed a crime so disgraceful and injurious to society. We feel deeply sorry to have occasion to sully our pages with the afflicting account of an event which has covered three noble families with grief and shame; and which affords another proof of the great progress which irreligion and immorality have made in the higher classes of society; to whom, alas! the public should look for examples of a far different kind. The strides of Bonaparte to universal dominion, are not more formidable to the welfare and independent existence of Great Britain, than is the dissolution of all moral and social ties. If it were not that a great portion of the middling classes of society are actuated by purer principles, and that the lights of knowledge are generally diffused, into what dreadful miseries must not a people be plunged, under the guidance and influence of such infatuated leaders!

The

The two sisters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Emily Cadogan, married two brothers, Henry and William Wellesley. Lord Paget is married to one of the beautiful daughters of Lady Jersey, by whom he has, as noticed above, a numerous family.

It was stated in the public papers, that Lady C. Wellesley had returned to her family, but this is not true; it is, nevertheless, certain she has left Lord Paget, and retired to an asylum in the country, under the superintendance and protection of her brother the Hon. Colonel C—n, who came up from Scotland immediately on receiving the painful intelligence of the step she had taken; and having found out the retreat of the guilty pair, insisted that his sister should proceed to the retreat pointed out, and break all connections with Lord P. or that either he or Lord P. should fall.

The present Earl of Cadogan has long been in a state of mental derangement. Lady Charlotte is said to have been conveyed to a house of his Lordship's, at Downham, in Norfolk, but has since contrived to get back to Lord Paget.

CARRIAGES FOR THE WHIP CLUB.

THE Vis Landau will be the fashionable vehicle among the Members of the Whip Club this season. This carriage differs from the *vis-a-vis* in respect to its size; the former will accommodate four persons, the latter only two. The form of these elegant conveyances is as follows:

It is round on the side, with a single sweep from the elbow to the door-rail; the roof less round than heretofore; the joints either prince's metal or plated. The crests, in raised silver, will be placed in a garter in the head plates; the arms will be introduced on the door and end pannels, enclosed in mantles highly emblazoned. The arms and crests will likewise be used on the four quarters. The *vis-landau* is distinguishable from the barouche landau, by the former being divested of the sword-case behind, and the sweep in the fore pannel; the latter is certainly no advantage to the appearance of an equipage, and by getting rid of it an additional inside seat-box is gained. Two lamps only in front; they are either the mail or the Venetian ones. The colour of the body will be uniformly yellow; it is between the patent (which is a brilliant light colour) and the King's yellow; the latter is of a much darker hue. The carriage is a single sweep, instead of a compass perch, painted red, picked out fully with black; in length about eight feet. The body hung about four feet from the ground, on German springs, instead of the Polignac, which were so lately the rage. The barouche-box, instead of being fixed upon a Salisbury-boot, is hung to the body with an open fore-end. Patent axle-trees; the lining a superfine dark blue cloth, with blue and yellow silk and worsted lace; and yellow morocco squabs and cushions. The Venetian blinds are painted yellow, striped with black.

These tastefully neat carriages will make their first appearance about the middle of the ensuing month.

The Earl of Sefton, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Hawke, Mr. Martin Hawke, Mr. S. Butler, Mr. A. Best, and Mr. C. Buxton, will exhibit a splendid appearance on the occasion.

STRENGTH

STRENGTH OF THE NATIVES OF THE TORRID ZONE.

Translated from the Portuguese of M. Da Cunha De Azaredo Coutinho, Bishop of Fernambuco.

THIS writer, in a work published at Lisbon a very short time since, contends against the opinion of Montesquieu; viz. that the inhabitants of warm climates are less courageous than those of the north. "Let us," says this judicious ecclesiastic, "abandon hypotheses, which can avail nothing against matters of fact: let us compare the inhabitants of the cold countries with those of the warm, both in their natural state, unchanged by luxury or education, and the difference between them will be still the more striking. Place, for instance, an Indian of Outecazes, born under the torrid zone of Brazil, on the banks of the river Paraiba do Sul—place him, I say, by the side of an Esquimaux Indian, born under the frigid zone of North America, near the river St. Lawrence: how robust and valiant does the former appear! how miserable, weak, and dispirited, the latter!—Go farther: compare the Indian of Owyhee, in the Pacific Ocean, with the Kamschatdale, covered with snow, living at the extremities of Asia: the latter appears dastardly and timid; the former, on the contrary, once stood unshaken the most violent shower of bullets and balls from English infantry and artillery, and devoured tranquilly the body of the illustrious and ill-fated Cook. Compare a negro of the banks of the river Senegal, with a Laplander at the farthermost end of Europe—what a difference! The former attacks the fiercest lions, and lays them sprawling on the ground; while the latter may be seen quaking and shivering with cold, and scarcely able to stir."

Lery, and the companions of his travels, all of them natives of the temperate zone, were not able to bend a single bow of the Tamoy Indians, of the torrid zone, in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro. Lery himself owns that he was obliged to exert all his strength, to bend a bow destined for the use of children from ten to twelve years old.

Monsieur Bland Jannequin de Rochefort, who travelled along the coast of Africa as far as the river Senegal, assures us that the blacks of those countries, where an European is scarcely able to draw breath, far excel him both in strength and courage.

Let us now digress to the brute creation. How inferior in strength and courage are the wolf and bear of Siberia, to the tiger and lion of the plain of Zara! they are not even worthy to be their providers.

Again, in the vegetable kingdom, compare the strength and richness of the nagatree, the ipe, the guramirim, and the sucupira, on the coast of the Amazon country, with the oak, the box, the chesnut, and the fir, on the banks of the Dnieper: how weak, tender, and low, do the latter appear, when contrasted with the former! The first of these trees is called *pao ferro*; in English, iron wood.—Most of the plants of the Brazils are unknown to the botanists of Europe.

More than fifty thousand leagues of the Portuguese territory in the Brazils are an uncultivated wilderness. The Brazilian olive and fir are of peculiar service in large masts,

masts; but such is their height, viz. that of 150 palms, that every high gale of wind which puts their strong branches in motion, is apt to strew them on the ground; hence the peculiar appearance of the immense forests in the Brazils; for in the fall of these trees, they unfortunately pull down other sorts of wood of superior utility.

"I was once," says the Bishop of Fernambuco, "in very imminent danger of my life, travelling from Bachacha, in the province of Rio de Janeiro, to the fields of the Outecazes. During a violent storm, I saw myself often buried, as it were, under large piles of wood, which, by their sudden fall, blocked up the narrow path on which I went." The branches are shattered by the violent shock, and by the suddenness of their fall they become highly dangerous to passengers. It is not only the travellers who pass through woods, but those persons who are employed to fell timber, are also obliged to use great precaution to ward off the danger they are exposed to. Condamine, in his account of a journey to the river of the Amazons, mentions a tree thrown down by one of these violent storms, on which he made his astronomical observations. Although it was hollow, and almost entirely spoiled, it measured one hundred and twenty-six palms in length, and thirty-six in circumference.

MAN OF FASHION'S JOURNAL.

QUEER dreams—thought Suzette inconstant, and fifty other meagrims, owing to Sir Richard's d—n'd claret—always drink too much of it. Rose at one—curs'd head-ache—tried patent coffee—rather better—cast my eye over the newspapers—my friend Sir Richard paragraphed—smiled at the joke—very good point—myself in the next column—not so well pleased—sheer envy by the gods! General Election—mem. canvas as soon as possible—do not like duns, cursed troublesome—dressed by half past three—clever fellow that Tom; five to one better than my last valet—took an hour's ride—a good horse my last purchase; remember to sell him again—nothing like variety—sent Tom home with the horses—called on Suzette—did not seem quite so fond—thought of my dream—fancied I saw a man's hat in the room, very much like Sir Richard's—mere imagination—strolled through St. James's-street—past caricature shop—saw myself—knew it directly—very like—laughed it off—Sir Richard there also—very fair that—ate two jellies, and purchased some pines. Met Bob Careless—rather seedy—obliged to speak to him—very old friend—promised to call on him—*remember* to *forget* the appointment—Dined at six with Sir Richard—thought I saw Suzette go out, not certain—said several good things, forgot them all—in high spirits—quizz'd a parson—drank three bottles, and lounged to the theatre—comedy or tragedy, forgot which—saw the last act—Kemble toll-loll—not quite certain whether it was Kemble or not—Mrs. Siddons monstrous fine—got into a hack—set down in St. James's-street—dipped a little with the boys at hazard—confounded bad luck, lost all my money, and forgot to call on Suzette.

WOMAN OF FASHION'S JOURNAL.

DREAMT of the Captain—certainly a fine man—counted my card money—lost considerably—never play again with the Dowager—breakfasted at two, my new maid too handsome—remember to part with her—sent cards of compliments to the two Miss Crotchets and Lady Dunder—my lap-dog Sophy unwell—apprehensive the poor animal is crossed in love—a sad thing I know by experience.—The man from Vickery's called with my new wig—very becoming, but somehow it has not the elegant air of that purchased by Miss Twig, in St. James's-street—could not dress myself to my satisfaction—Jenny abominably awkward, shall certainly part with her—my head continually running on the Captain—buy no more *rouge* in the city, might as well use brick-dust—never can settle these feathers to my liking—" Can I e'er cease to love thee? ah! no, my love, no!"—a charming air that—remember to get my piano-forte in order against the next evening concert—read two chapters in the new novel of *Innocent Adultery*, and part of the *Monk*—Mr. Lewis is a delightful writer, so chaste and so moral—remember to enquire for the *Tales of Wonder*—lounged at the Musical Library—bespoke new dress—ate some ice in Bond-street—don't like Lady Mazey's new chariot—dined at seven at Lady Rackett's—the Captain there—more than usually agreeable—went to the Opera—the Captain of the party—house prodigiously crowded—my *ci-devant* husband in the opposite box with a lady—rather mal-a-propos; but no matter, *telle chose sont*—looked into Lady Squander's rout—positively a mob—very right in engaging Townsend—remember to bespeak him for my next concert—sat down to cards—in great luck—won a cool hundred of my Lord Lackwit, and fifty of the Baron—returned home at five in the morning—indulged in half an hour's reflection—resolved on reformation, and to erase my name from the Fashionable Institution.

SKETCH OF A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER,

Now on the Town.

MR. J. T—t is a tall, thin, bony man, apparently about forty-five years of age; his complexion swarthy, his features prominent, and his nose aquiline and long; his dark hair and whiskers are unpowdered, and his *tout-ensemble* is that of an accomplished French valet. He has, however, it must be allowed, like Major Semple, and the late George Barrington, acquired the *address* of a gentleman.

T. has for some years past continued to *twinkle* as a minor star in the sphere of Newmarket; though we believe that both he and his *proof* friend, Mr. C. have recently *cut the turf*, because, as some people infer, *the turf cut them*. Mr. T. however, never confined his actions to any particular sphere; he figured at the same time as a money-lender—attended regularly at all the *hells*—is a perfect adept at " ringing the changes"—can slip a card, cog a die, and pluck a pigeon, as well as any *professor* in Europe. Mr. Ingleby, the prince of the conjurors, has great reason to be jealous of Mr. T. who, we understand, can perform much greater prodigies with a pack of cards than that illustrious professor of legerdemain. We would just hint

hint to the inexperienced, that there are means of winning to a *certainty*, either at cards or hazard, and that it is impossible for any but a *professor* to detect them.

By way of illustrating our hero's character, we will suppose the following circumstances to occur :—

T. meets in London, a gentleman to whom he had before paid particular attention at a watering place, and the following dialogue ensues :—

T.—" God bless my soul—how glad I am to meet you! when did you come to town ?"

Gent.—" Just arrived, and am glad to see you looking so well."

T.—" Are you engaged ? if not, let us dine together."

Gent.—" With all my heart—where shall we dine ?"

T.—" Meet me at six precisely, at ——— Hotel, in Covent Garden."

The gentleman arrives in Covent Garden at the appointed hour, expecting to find Mr. T. in the coffee-room, instead of which he is conducted by a waiter up stairs to a private room, where he beholds a table splendidly adorned with plate, &c. Mr. T. advances from the fire-place, exclaiming, " My dear fellow, give me leave to introduce you to two of my particular friends. This is Mr. P—, a near relation of the G——s, one of the richest families in England : and this is Mr. ——, son of the celebrated Counsellor."

Dinner is now served up, which being ended, the juice of the grape is circulated with astonishing rapidity. Cards are then proposed, and being assented to by the unsuspicious and half intoxicated visitor, he retires from his *friend's* society above one thousand pounds minus, although he has *good reason* to imagine that all are *winners* but himself.

We have hitherto only *supposed* that such a case might occur. We now, for the purpose of warning others, beg leave to state, that it *actually* has occurred !

SPANISH AMUSEMENTS.*

From Fischer's Picture of Valencia.

THE author, speaking of the public walks in this city, specifies that called the Mameda, which is almost every evening the rendezvous of well-bred people. He says, that " in every part there are benches, arbours, and green plots. From all sides are wafted the perfumes of the rose, the orange, and the narcissus ; every thicket resounds with vocal and instrumental music from all quarters. Oh delicious ! Oh celestial evenings ! when all the senses revel in delight, and the benign goddess sees none but happy mortals round her."

The *trouvadores*, or itinerant bards, are numerous in Valencia. Go in the evening into any venta or posada, (inn, public house, &c.) and you are sure to find one of these *trouvadores* with his harp or guitar. Here he sings a great number of pieces, which he composes extempore, according to the nature of the subject given him. Thus, for instance, one of the auditors gives the *trouvador* the last line of a *decima*, a little song of ten lines, and he immediately composes the other nine, which must correspond with the rest in subject, rhyme, and metre.

These people are further employed to invite guests to weddings, as memorialists, &c. and are distinguished

guished by their convivial manners, and their easy poetic life.

Slinging is among the favourite exercises of the Valencians, and it is by this means that the herdsmen keep their cattle and flocks in order. For this purpose they use round smooth pieces of marble, and when aiming at a mark, though they place it at the distance of three or four hundred ells, they seldom fail. The slings are made of a kind of feathered grass; they are lined at the bottom with the leaves of the aloe, and seem to bear a very close resemblance to those of the ancient Balearic Islands.

Jugglers, merry-andrews, rope-dancers, puppet-players, &c. abound in the northern parts of Valencia. Of the jugglers, some, in the eyes of the credulous natives, eat fire, devour serpents, transform painted frogs into living animals, and convert water into wine. The puppet-show men, and the masters of dancing dogs, sometimes introduce regular ballets, or ludicrous imitations of foreign dances, most of which had a political tendency during the last war with France.

A MODERN FINE FELLOW.

From Starkie's Picture of Edinburgh.

IN 1763, a young man was termed *a fine fellow*, who, to a well-informed and accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; who thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; and who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him. At this time, in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted, not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were then essential branches of female education: nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother. At this time, too, young ladies, even by themselves, might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect safety at any hour, and no person would have presumed to speak to or interrupt them.

In 1783, a young man was termed *a fine fellow* who could drink three bottles of wine; who discharged all debts of *honour* (game debts and tavern bills) and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his *word of honour;* who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy, (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat or blown out the brains of his dearest companion, at offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the times; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interposed with his own vicious, selfish pursuits and pleasures.

At this period, the daughters of many tradesmen consumed their mornings at the toilet, or strolling from shop to shop, &c. Many of them would have blushed to have been

been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper, and the young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusement in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music. Such was the danger at this time to which unprotected females were exposed, that the mistresses of boarding schools found it necessary to advertise, "that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants."

Of the *fine fellow* of 1805, it is difficult to strike the peculiar likeness: less accomplished than those of 1763, and without many of the vices of those of 1783, the *fine fellow* of the present day is rather an object of laughter than censure —of pity rather than of reprobation. He can drive a coach full of ladies equal to the most experienced coachman; does not often overturn the carriage, and very seldom rides down old people or children. As a genealogist, he equals the Highlander or Welchman; can trace the pedigree of *Goldfinder* through one hundred descents, and enumerate all the *dams, grand dams, and great grand dams*, with the most fluent accuracy. He is a skilful physiognomist; can tell the good and bad qualities of a horse at first sight; and in the refined employments of the stable, can vie with the most expert groom or stable-boy. With regard to religion, unless he acquires it in the *Racing Calendar*, or *Taplin's Farriery*, he has no opportunity of knowing any thing about it. But in others parts of education he is not deficient: he excels in those tropes or figures of speech which the vulgar call swearing; and his method of argument is much more simple and convincing than the analytic or synthetic modes of the schools.

By this mode *(betting)* he could argue with a philosopher, and come off victorious, unless the philosopher were richer than he. As to the fair sex, the elegant society of the *stable* is preferable, in his estimation, to that of the drawing-room, and the lounge among brother *fine fellows* in the coffee-house, or the tavern, is superior to the company of the ladies, in whose conversation his accomplishments do not enable him to bear a part. He pays his debts of honour much in the same manner as the *fine fellow* of 1783; and, like him, can drink three bottles of wine, kick the waiter, and knock down watchmen with a good grace.

In short, the *fine fellow* of the present day is neither calculated to add much to virtue by his good qualities; nor to increase vice by his bad ones. As to the ladies, though they are seldom to be seen at market, or perhaps do not interest themselves much in the management of household affairs, yet we may pronounce them superior to those of 1763 or 1783. Music, dancing, and a grammatical knowledge of their own and of the French and Italian languages, are essential parts of modern female education; and though the making of pastry, jellies, and gooseberry-wine, is not held of so much importance as they appear to have been in the first of these periods, yet they are not even now totally neglected. As to domestic convenience, the ladies of 1805 may possibly be inferior to those of 1763; but as accomplished companions, they are certainly far their superiors.

COMBATS

COMBATS BETWEEN ELEPHANTS AND LIONS IN AFRICA.

DR. J. Toulmin, of Birmingham, who has lately published a supplement to the "Memoirs of Job the African Prince," some years since in England, mentions, that in the interior of Africa some of the people spend a great part of their time in hunting, particularly after elephants, whose teeth was a great article of trade with them.

A hunter told Job, that he had seen an elephant surprise and seize a lion, (to which beast it bears a great hatred) and carry him to a tree, which he split down, and thrusting the head of the lion into the cleft, let the tree close on its neck, and there left him to perish. Job himself had seen an elephant, after he had caught a lion, carry him to a great slough, and pushing his head under the mud, held him in it till he was smothered.

Job found, one day, a cow belonging to his father killed, and partly devoured: resolved, if possible, to surprise the devourer, he placed himself in a tree near the remains of the cow. At the close of the evening, he saw two lions making up to it with great caution, moving slowly, and looking carefully about them. At last came up one, which Job shot with a poisoned arrow, and wounded so deadly, that he immediately fell on the spot. The other coming up soon after, Job shot at, and wounded him; he fied away roaring, but was found dead next morning, about three hundred yards from the place.

The poison in which the arrows are dipped is the juice of a particular tree. So powerful is its venomous quality, that it infects the blood in a short time, and renders the creature quite stupid and senseless. But although the poison is so deadly, it does not render the flesh of the animal unfit for food. As soon as the stupor occasions it to fall down its throat is cut, according to the Mahometan law, and it may be eaten. The Africans have a herb, which, if immediately applied, is a specific remedy for a wound by one of these poisoned arrows.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1808.

Continued from Page 227.

Years old. BY SIR CHARLES. *No. of Prizes.*

4 IRVINE, Lord Montgomerie's, 50l. at Ayr. 1

BY SIR HARRY.

4 Black Colt, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Ormskirk; and 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire 2

BY SIR PETER TEAZLE.

5 Atlas, Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Tenbury 1

3 Bay Filly, (out of Eagle's dam) Sir F. Standish's, 500gs. at Newmarket 1

5 Br. Horse, Mr. Benson's, 80gs. and 110gs. at Manchester. 2

3 Brown

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Brown Stout, Major Wilson's, 30gs. and 60gs. at Newmarket; also 50gs. at Beccles 3
4 Bullrush, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs. and 14gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Payne's, 100gs. 30gs. 200gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket 6
4 Cardinal York, Mr. G. Hutton's, 100gs. the King's Plate, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs. in specie, at Newcastle. 3
5 Cassio, Lord Strathmore's, the Stand Plate of 50l. at York Spring Meeting 1
3 Chester, Lord Grosvenor's, 650gs. 100gs. and 900gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Ladbroke's, 80gs. 300gs. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket 7
5 Clasher, Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs. at Newmarket. 1
3 Clinker, Sir S. Sitwell's, 100gs. 250gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket; also 200gs. at Doncaster 4
a. Curricle, Mr. Allan's, 60gs. at Durham. 1
5 Desdemona, Lord Strathmore's, the King's Plate for Mares at York 1
3 Dimple, Mr. Benson's, 60gs. at Newton; 50gs. at Ormskirk; and 90gs. at Stafford 3
4 Eaton, Lord Grosvenor's, 600gs. thrice 200gs. and 80gs. at Newmarket. 5
5 Gnat-ho! Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Winchester; the Gold Cup, value 80gs. with 40gs. in specie, and 50l. at Reading. 3
5 Grazier, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Doncaster. 1
5 Hipswell-Lass, Mr. S. Duncombe's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 70gs. in specie, and 120gs. at Beverley. 2
7 Josephina, Mr. Clifton's, the 70gs. Stakes and the 60l. Plate at Knutsford*; 50l. at Chesterfield; and 50l. at Litchfield. 4
3 Isis, Lord Grosvenor's, 150gs. at Newmarket; and the Queen's Plate at Chelmsford. 2
4 Lauretta, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs. 50gs. and 50l. at Newmarket. . 3
4 Mademoiselle Presle, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. and 60gs. at Chester; 70l. at Newton; 95gs. at Trè-Madock; twice 50l. at Shrewsbury; 50l. at Oswestry; and 50l. at Wrexham. 8
4 Mungo, Mr. Shakespear's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Osiris, Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
5 Pagoda, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 50gs. at Newmarket; and 100gs. at Ascot 2
5 Paris, Lord Foley's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Paulina, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 75gs. at Doncaster. 1
3 Peggy Bucknall, Mr. Lockley's, 100gs. at Walsall. 1
3 Peter Little, Duke of Hamilton's, the Royalty Cup, value 100gs. with 100gs. in specie, at Ormskirk. 1
3 Petronius, Duke of Hamilton's, 50gs. at Skipton; and the St. Leger Stakes of 725gs. at Doncaster 2
5 Pipylina, Lord Foley's, 20gs. at Newmarket. 1
3 Plover, Lord Grosvenor's, the Darlington Stakes of 2100gs. at Brighton; also 800gs. 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 4

* Josephina also won the above Stakes and Plate in 1806 and 1807.

3 Poulton,

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Poulton, Mr. Clifton's, 200gs. at Preston; and 250gs. at York August Meeting 2

5 Rose, Sir H. T. Vane's, twice 50l. at Morpeth; the King's Plate and 100gs. at Carlisle; also the King's Plate and 100gs. at the Caledonian Hunt.......... 6

5 Thurus, Sir S. Sitwell's, 100gs. and the King's Plate at Newmarket 2

3 Vandyke, Duke of Grafton's, 600gs. and 550gs. at Newmarket; 100gs. (being second for the Derby Stakes) at Epsom; also 133gs. 7s. 600gs. 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 7

7 Witchcraft, Mr. Martin's, twice 50l. at Taunton; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Exeter 3

BY SIR SOLOMON.

4 Cambrian, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs. at Maddington; 60gs. at Newbury; 70gs. at Southampton; and 65gs. at Kingscote 4

4 Dosronnal, Mr. Clifton's, 150gs. at Chester; and 50l. at Preston.. 2

4 Hassop, Mr. Denham's, 80gs. at Leicester.......... 1

4 Master Goodall, (late Giles Scroggins) Lord Darlington's, 300gs. 375gs. 300gs. 70gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket.......... 5

BY SIR THOMAS.

4 Bay Gelding, Mr. Price's, 50gs. at Wrexham 1

BY SKY-ROCKET.

3 Br. Colt, Mr. Barrett's, 50l. at Winchester.......... 1

BY SKYSCRAPER.

3 Coquetilla, Mr. Bacon's, 115gs. at Newbury.......... 1

BY A SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

Monarch, Mr. Watson's, 65gs. at Stamford; and 125gs. at Canterbury.......... 2

BY SPEAR.

8 Eliza, alias The Galloway, Mr. Read Denham's, 25gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket; General Grosvenor's, 50gs. at Newmarket 3

BY SORCERER.

3 Agnes, Sir C. Bunbury's, 450gs. at Ascot; 12½gs. 50gs. and 50l. at Newmarket.......... 4

3 Miranda, Lord Barrymore's, 50l. and 75gs. at Reading.......... 2

3 Morel, Duke of Grafton's, 325gs. at Newmarket; the Oaks' Stakes of 925gs. at Epsom; also 450gs. 100gs. 25gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket.......... 6

3 Oberea, Mr. Lake's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1

3 Sorceress, Sir H. Lippincott's, 150gs. and 50gs. at Maddington; also 50gs. at Abingdon.......... 3

BY STAMFORD.

4 Anna-Maria, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 325gs. at Malton.......... 1

3 Baron, Colonel Childers's, 165l. 10s. at Manchester; 80gs. at Newton; also 100gs. and 50l. at Dumfries 4

3 Burleigh, Mr. Vansittart's, 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2

4 Comrade, Lord Foley's, 50gs. at Newmarket; three 50l. Plates at Epsom; and 200gs. at Newmarket.......... 5

Years old.		*No. of Prizes*
3	Easton, Lord Milton's, 130gs. at Pontefract	1
3	Laurel-Leaf, Mr. T. Duncombe's, 150gs. at York August Meeting; 180gs. at Pontefract; and the Gold Cup at Doncaster....	3
3	Miss Sophia, Mr. Elwes's, 50gs. and 50l. at Northampton; also 50l. at Bedford; Mr. Wilson's, 100gs. at Newmarket	4
3	Mother Goose, Lord Hawke's, 60gs. and 50l. at Stockton........	2
3	Musa, Major Bower's, 80gs. at Richmond	1
3	Pumpkin, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 50l. at Stamford................	1
5	Sir Sampson, Mr. Ackers's, 50l. at Trè-Madock	1
3	Stilton, Mr. Hewett's, 180gs. at York	1
3	Tutelina, Mr. J. Richardson's, 250gs. and 60gs. at Chester; also 60l. 10s. and 50l. at Nottingham	4
4	Wansford, Mr. J. Acred's, 50l. at Malton; also 200gs. and 50l. at York	3

BY STAR.

5	Bampton, Mr. Nicholson's, 50l. at Edinburgh	1
5	Honest Harry, Mr. Bates's, 50l. at Hexham; and twice 50l. at Irvine	3
4	Mr. Gundy, Sir C. Turner's, twice 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket	3
4	Rossington, Mr. S. Duncombe's, 50l. at Beverley..............	1
5	Smasher, Mr. Brandling's, 200gs. at York....................	1
5	Streamer, Mr. W. Collinson's, 50l. at Lamberton; and twice 50gs. at Edinburgh	3

BY TEDDY THE GRINDER.

3	Discount, Mr. Shakespear's, thrice 100gs. 60gs. twice 200gs. and twice 60gs. at Newmarket	8
3	Ned, Duke of Rutland's, 100gs. at Newmarket................	1
3	Trimbush, Mr. Ladbroke's, 120gs. at Ascot	1
2	Trinculo, Mr. Ladbroke's, 100gs. at Epsom; and 175gs. at Egham	2
3	Tristram, Mr. Ladbroke's, 600gs. 12½gs. and 50l. at Newmarket ..	3

BY TELESCOPE.

5	Bay Mare, (dam by Intrepid) Mr. Vaughton's, 80gs. at Stafford..	1

BY TOM TRING.

3	Bay Gelding, Mr. Beechey's, 50l. at Abingdon................	1

BY TOTTERIDGE.

2	Miss Seedling, Mr. Emden's, 165gs. at Epsom; 90gs. at Beccles; and 25gs. at Newmarket..................................	3
4	Stripling, Mr. Fermor's, 100gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Trevanion's, 50l. and 50gs. at Kingscote................................	3

BY TRANSIT.

5	Bay Gelding, Mr. Brown's, 65gs. at Knighton	1

BY TRUMPATOR.

4	Shack-a-bac, Sir H. Lippincott's, 50l. at Bibury	1
3	Beau Nash, Mr. Craven's, 200gs. 250gs. 25gs. 200gs. 50gs. 200gs. 150gs. 700gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket	9

5 Clermont,

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

5 Clermont, Sir J. Hawkins's, 50l. at Maddington; 300gs. and 200gs. at Bibury; 200gs. at Exeter; and 25gs. at Kingscote 5
3 Fly-by-Night, Mr. F. Craven's, 100gs. and 15gs. at Newmarket.. 2
3 Hymen, Hon. G. Watson's, twice 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket 3
7 Sir David, Mr. Shakespear's, the October Oatlands Stakes of 215gs. at Newmarket.. 1
6 Tot, Lord Lowther's, 50gs. 5gs. 100gs. and 10gs. at Newmarket.. 4

BY VERNATOR.

4 Romeo, Mr. Goulburn's, 50l. at Ludlow; 50l. and 60gs. at Knighton; also 50gs. at Newmarket 4

BY VOLUNTEER.

5 Ploughboy, Sir H. Lippincott's, 50gs. at Maddington; 90gs. at Bibury; and 50l. at Kingscote 3
a. Sir Robert, Captain M'Allister's, 65gs. at Exeter.............. 1

BY WAXY.

2 Bay Filly, (out of Penelope) Duke of Grafton's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
2 Chloris, Mr. Panton's, 40gs. 50gs. and 35gs. at Newmarket...... 3
5 Mistake, Mr. Pryse's, 50gs. at Wrexham 1
7 Pavilion, Lord Barrymore's, 50l. at Reading; and 50l. at Egham.. 2
3 Poke, Lord Jersey's, 25gs. at Ascot.......................... 1
6 Sasenagh, Mr. Daly's, the Silver Cup, value 50gs. with 45gs. in specie, at Brighton; and twice 50l. at Lewes................ 3
2 Sock, Sir J. Shelley's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1

BY THE WELLESLEY CHESNUT ARABIAN.

3 Whistler, Lord Jersey's, twice 100gs. at Ascot; and twice 100gs. at Newmarket.. 4

BY WHISKEY.

2 Canary-Bird, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Chaise-and-One, Sir H. Lippincott's, 50l. at Stockbridge; 50l. at Blandford; 50gs. at Kingscote; and 45gs. at Chippenham 4
5 Charmer, Mr. Batson's, 425gs. 50gs. and 125gs. at Newmarket; 50gs. at Winchester; 50l. at Newbury; also 100gs. and twice 50gs. at Newmarket 8
3 Juniper, Major Wilson's, 50l. at Newmarket; the King's Plate at Ipswich; also 200gs. 300gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket........ 5
4 L'Huile de Venus, Mr. Kellermann's, 200gs. 300gs. and 250gs. at Newmarket.. 3
4 Little Sally, Mr. Bacon's, 50l. and 135gs. at Beccles........... 1
6 Lydia, Mr. Andrew's, 90gs. at Northampton.................... 1
7 Pelisse, General Gower's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
7 Prospero, Lord Sackville's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Rambler, Sir C. Bunbury's, twice 100gs. at Newmarket; Duke of Rutland's, 50l. at Leicester; and 200gs. at Newmarket........ 4
8 Rumbo, Mr. Sadler's, 50l. at Oxford; Mr. Heath's, 50l. at Egham 2
5 Snug, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. and 50gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Lake's, 200gs. at Newmarket 3
5 Tim, Mr. Lake's, 200gs. at Newmarket; Duke of York's, 110gs. at Brighton 2

Years old. BY WORTHY. *No. of Prizes.*

4 Barbarian, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Payne's, 50gs. 25gs. and 50l. at Newmarket. 4

3 Cecilia, Lord Foley's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket. 2

3 Fun, Mr. Lloyd's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket 2

4 Musician, Duke of Grafton's, 40gs. 1200gs. twice 100gs. 35gs. 133gs. 7s. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket. 8

5 Pembroke, Mr. Girdler's, 50l. at Newmarket; General Gower's, 50gs. at Newmarket 2

3 Sylvester Daggerwood, Mr. Madock's, 50l. at Trè-Madock 1

BY YOUNG WOODPECKER.

5 Achilles, Mr. Goddard's, 50l. and 100gs. at Newmarket; Lord Kinnaird's, 20gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket 4

BY ZACHARIAH.

5 Bay Horse, Mr. Baillie's, 50gs. at Edinburgh 1

HUNTING THE MARTERN.

With a general Description of that destructive Animal, and the Manner it is treated by most of the Northern Nations.

THE engraving annexed to this essay is the fac-simile of a design by the late celebrated Mr. Ridinger, and selected from the collection of Mr. G. Stubbs; a source from whence many of the most valuable productions of this Magazine have been drawn, and we flatter ourselves will still be derived, for the gratification of our sporting friends in particular, and the generality of our readers.

Of all the destructive creatures in Britain, there is no one to provoke the resentment of man before the voracious martern. In cunning, the fox is to him a simpleton, and the weasel, the stote, and the polecat, but as the lesser vermin to the all-devouring wolf: not that he delights so much in blood as either, but that he is the greater check to animal fecundity, and with that sort of archness that no other quadruped has the power to effect. His time for depredation is generally in the stillness of night, when the unsuspecting cottager is lost in repose: at this hour the martern enters the farm-yard, the preserve, the close, or unguarded shed of the village matron, to drive the sitting hen from her incubatory solitude, and to devour her half-created young; the partridge, the pheasant, the quail, and every bird of game, yield to his destructive gluttony; and he will deprive the sportsman in one night of more pleasure, than all the snares or tricks of a poacher in the progress of a whole season.

The martern's greatest delight is to roam by moonlight, at which time he is to be found lurking about the sedgy banks of rivers or still waters, to disturb the wild goose from her reedy nest (*vide the plate*), where, on her delicious deposit, his taste is too often gratified. In Sweden, in Norway, and in Finland, so detestable is the martern

Redinger del.

W. Nicholls sculp.

HUNTING THE MARTERN.

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tern to the sportsman, that whenever he is entrapped or taken alive, a barbed splinter of some length is thrust through the most fleshy part of his nose, and he is turned to the woods with great howling, *in terrorem*, to his destructive fraternity.

The Finnish hunters have another kind of punishment for the martern, which, if not so cruel as the former, is as sure to promote a lingering dissolution. They have a small bag made of the raw skin of the filthy polecat, with a small hole on each side to accommodate the eye-sight, but no other vent for the breath: one of these stinking bags is made fast round his neck, and the creature (as they express it) is sent into the wide world to seek his fortune.

The Laplanders hold the martern in such detestation, that they melt a pitchy substance stronger than our glue, with which they fasten to his four feet the shells of cockles, the round side outwards, and on these they drive him over their frozen lakes, where, while he endeavours to escape his pursuers, (generally boys) he affords to them the highest pleasure, for they are taught to look on this beast (on account of devouring their food) as the greatest of their evils, and of their enemies.

The Russian has still a higher kind of punishment for the martern. He first deprives the male of his genitals, and hanging a small bell about his neck, turns him over the frozen rivers, to obtain relief wherever he may find it. In Siberia, they strip him of his valuable furs alive, and leave him to his fate, which is soon determined, for the sweet savour of his body is so attractive, that creatures, impelled by hunger, quickly make a meal of his devoted carcase.

In England, though the martern is not subject to similar acts of cruelty, he is not less detested; and sometimes, in the chase, contributes excellent diversion to our sportsmen in the way I am about to describe.

The martern is about the bigness of the wild cat, having a longer body, but shorter legs, with head and tail not much unlike the fox. His skin is commonly brown, white on the throat, and somewhat yellowish on the back. His teeth are exceeding white, though unequal, and the extremities of them almost as sharp as the point of a needle. The canine teeth, both above and below, hang out very long.

The martern is a kind of vermin which we use in England sometimes to hunt, and is as necessary to be hunted as any vermin can be on the whole face of the island; for the question may be doubtful whether either fox or badger, wild cat or weasel, does more hurt than this animal, since there are so many warrens in this kingdom, which are very much infested by the martern.

It is the opinion of long-experienced huntsmen, that he leaves as good a scent, and makes as good a cry for the time, as any vermin that is hunted, especially as he surpasses all others for sweetness of scent, for swiftness of foot, and for cunning in his endeavours to deceive the pack. His case is held in high estimation, for its warmth and medical virtues, it being well attested, that, when warmly applied, it will relieve aching pains in the bones and joints; and, if we may credit the records of the faculty, his grease is excellent for shrunk sinews and contractions occasioned by severe cold.

The

The chase of the martern, however, is not to be sought purposely, unless the huntsmen discover them where they prey, and can go readily to them; but if the hounds chance to cross them, they will hunt the martern as soon as any other creature of a destructive disposition, for he will make a noble cry so long as he can stand up; and when he finds himself spent he will take to the trees like a squirrel, and endeavour to deceive his pursuers; but if the dogs hold in to him, and will not give in, 'tis then he will leap from bough to bough, and make great shift for his life, with much pastime for the hunters, whom he will frequently disappoint in a most unaccountable way.

When he is killed, you must hold him up on a pointed staff, and halloo in all your hounds, and then give them some meat if it can be acquired, but not the flesh of the martern, for that is unfit for them beyond the flesh of all other vermin.

T. N.

ADMIRAL CALMADY'S RED NOSE.

SOME time after this distinguished seaman had acquired the dignity of Admiral, being at a public dinner of the Hampshire Hunt, and while the bottle was circulating, up came a waiter to say, "a poor sailor below wanted to speak to him." The man being requested to come up, old Jack, very much in *dishabille*, accordingly made his appearance, and the chairman ordered him to find out the Admiral, if ever they had sailed together. "Sailed together!" said Jack—"he knows all that; but Charles Everett was his name then." "No tricks upon travellers," said the Admiral, looking at him without recollection; "I know nothing about you." "But, Admiral, you ha'nt forgot poor Johnson, the marine? I was in the after-guard, close to him, on board the Solebay." "Well, what of Johnson, the marine?" "Why, Admiral, don't you recollect when the Frenchmen were peppering away at us, Johnson burst out a laughing, and rapped out an oath, "*how narrowly they had missed a certain person's d--d red nose?*" Here the whole company enjoyed the story, and Calmady laughed with the rest. "Well, what then, old boy?" "Why you turned about as sharp as fire, and promised poor Johnson a d--d good dozen as soon as the action was over."

The Admiral asked no more questions, gave his old shipmate half a crown, and all the gentlemen did the same. Jack went down to get a skin full of liquor, and to laugh again among the party-coloured lads in livery about Admiral Calmady's red nose.

COURSING MEETINGS.

AT the Earl of Bridgewater's, on Ivinghoe Hills, on the 17th ult. the following matches were run:

Mr. Seranck's Patch, beat Mr. Fermor's Quick.

Mr. Farnell's Spring, beat Mr. Godridge's Lady.

Mr. Grace's Dart, beat Mr. Bramstone Stane's Hop.

Mr. Dyson's Needle, against Mr. Windall's Catch; undecided.

Mr. Turvey's Red Dog, beat Mr. Seranck's Peter.

Mr.

Mr. Fermor's Fame, beat Mr. Vandermeulen's Gypsey.

Mr. Griffin's Spring, beat Mr. B. Stane's Highover.

Mr. Fermor's Waxy, beat Mr. Farrell's Sweep.

Mr. Griffin's Nettle, beat Mr. Fermor's Purvis.

Mr. Turvey's Black, beat Mr. Lucas's Black and White.

Mr Blindell's Spy, beat Mr. Grace's Blue Dog.

Mr. Fermor's Chance against Mr. Fisher's Blossom; undecided.

Mr. Fermor's Puff, beat Mr. Proctor's Curtis.

Mr. Coleman's Favourite beat Captain Parker's Nelson.

Mr. Hopkins's Red, beat Mr. Hardy's Black.

Mr. Brewer's Dark Red, beat Mr. Blindell's Light Red Snap.

HATFIELD COURSING.

On Wednesday, the 1st instant, the last public coursing day for the season, took place in Hatfield Park. There was a large assemblage of company, and some capital dogs produced to run:

1st Course. Mr. Hales's dog Ned, and Mr. Framley's Brindle. A short course, well run; the hare beat.

2d. Marchioness of Salisbury's Blue, and Mr. Seranck's Red. Red dog killed.

3d. Marchioness of Salisbury's Tibby, and Rev. Mr. Keates's Blossom. The hare beat.

4th. Mr. Boyce's red and white Bitch, and Mr. Archer's black and white. Started two hares; one escaped; Boyce's killed Archer's hare.

5th. Marchioness of Salisbury's white Bitch, and Rev. Mr. Keates's brindle Bitch. Brindle killed.

6th. Mr. Seranck's white dog Peter, and Rev. Mr. Keates's brindle Dog; for a large bet. Peter killed.

7th. Mr. Boyce's red and white Dog, and Mr. Archer's black and white ditto. An excellent run, but the hare beat.

8th. Mr. Vandermeulen's white Dog, and Mr. Boyce's Brindle. A hard course, but the hare beat.

9th. Mr. Seranck's Eagle, and Mr. Edmonds's white Dog. Eagle killed.

10th. Mr. Seranck's white dog Peter, and Rev. Mr. Keates's brindle Bitch. Keates's killed.

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT.

TRIED AT THE LINCOLN ASSIZES.

Grant *v.* Hewson.

THIS was an action for an assault. The plaintiff is a gentleman of the society of Gray's Inn, London; the defendant is a Captain in his Majesty's navy, at present resident at Grimsby.

In consequence of a disagreement on the subject of a trial at the last assizes for Lincolnshire, in which trial William Marshall, Esq. the father-in-law of the defendant, was a party, Capt. Hewson sent a challenge to Mr. Frazer (Town Clerk of Grimsby), the attorney on the adverse side, and both gentlemen, attended by their seconds, met in the field. The friend who accompanied Capt. Hewson was his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshall, jun.; but an objection being made to the Captain being so seconded, Mr. Charles Worsley was called upon, and attended in Mr. Marshall's stead; and Mr. Frazer was seconded by his friend Mr. Grant, the plaintiff in this action. After the exchange of the first shots, without

without effect, Capt. Hewson exclaimed, "Well, that's the first broadside;" to which the plaintiff replied, "Yes, and it shall be the last:" adding, that his friend had given all the satisfaction which it was required of a gentleman to give; that enough was done for the honour of both parties; and that anything further should not take place, Mr. Frazer having bound himself to abide by his (the plaintiff's) decision in the affair. Capt. Hewson, however, insisted that as he (the Captain) was the challenger, and was not satisfied, the business must proceed till one of the parties fell; upon which a very warm altercation ensued, and the plaintiff, in reply to the repeated observation of the defendant that he was not satisfied, said "Then you may go to hell and get satisfaction;" whereupon Captain Hewson laid hold of him, tore his coat from his shoulders, and struck him repeatedly. For this assault the present action was brought.

Mr. Reader having, with his usual ability, closed the case for the plaintiff, Mr. Serjeant Vaughan addressed the jury in a very animated speech for the defendant. He described him as having been a Lieutenant on board Admiral Collingwood's ship, the Royal Sovereign, in the glorious battle off Trafalgar; and made a powerful appeal to the feelings of the jury in behalf of the sensitive honour of a British Naval Officer. Such men, he said, were not with impunity to be insultingly directed to hell: and though the gallant officer might perhaps have shown a little too much of the English bull-dog to be countenanced in a Court of Justice, he was sure the jury in their hearts would not like him the worse for it. Although Captain Hewson was, on his proper element, more than a match for the foes of his country, he had unfortunately fallen in with a nest of hornets at Grimsby; men who went out to fight with a pistol in one pocket and a writ in the other---*tam Marti quam Mercurio*---and who, he was afraid, must prevail against him in this action. "But," said the Learned Serjeant to the jury, whilst the Court was convulsed with laughter, "if you give sixpence damages, you are not Englishmen: If you give more than a farthing, I shall never love you again, so long as I come to Lincoln."

After a charge from the Learned Judge, in which he took occasion to reprobate the practice of duelling, the jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiff---damages 40s.

INTERESTING ADDITIONS

TO THE

HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS.

Continued from Page 244.

MR. Montagu observes, that in a paper which he had the honour to lay before the Linnean Society, some notice was taken of the discovery of the Dartford Warbler in the southern parts of Devonshire. Mr. M. had afterwards the good fortune to observe, upon a furze common, in his own neighbourhood, three pair of old birds, two of which, by their extreme clamour, evidently had young; still it was two hours before, with the most diligent search, he could discover more than a single young one on the ground. Some days after, in consequence of three hours watching, Mr. M. discovered the nest, with three young: it was placed

placed among the dead branches of the thickest furze, about two feet from the ground, slightly fastened between the upright, or main stems.

The nest of this rare little bird is composed of dry vegetable stalks, particularly goose-grass, mixed with the tender dead branches of furze, not sufficiently hardened to become prickly; these are put together in a very loose manner, and intermixed very sparingly with wool. In one of the nests was a single partridge's feather. The lining is sparing, for it consists only of a few dry stalks of a fine species of carex, without a single leaf of the plant, and only two or three of the pannicles. The eggs weigh only twenty-two grains, and possess a slight tinge of green.

Nothing can exceed the activity of these little creatures; they are in perpetual motion the whole day, throwing themselves into various attitudes and gesticulations, erecting the crest and tail at intervals, accompanied by a double or triple cry, which seems to express the words *cha, cha, cha.* When confined in a cage, they frequently take their food suspended by the wires, with their heads downward, and not unusually turn over backwards on the perch. The males begin and continue in song all the month of October, sometimes for hours together. The notes are entirely native, consisting of a considerable variety, delivered in a hurried manner. Their song, though different from any other bird, resembles that of the stone-chat most of any.

The Dartford Warbler, like the white-throat, will sometimes suspend itself on wing over the furze, singing the whole time; but is more frequently observed on an uppermost spray, in vocal strain for half an hour together.

Buffon, who appears to have been the first, and, perhaps, the only person on the continent who knew any thing of the Dartford Warbler, as a naturalist, seems to have known very little more than the bird itself, and that it had been found in Provence, but nothing of its habits; then it was thought to have fed among cabbages, and that it roosted among its leaves to be secure against the bat, its enemy. At present, experience has shewn that M. de Buffon was misled in his ideas of the *Sylvia Dartfordiensis*, and that, in fact, little was known of the habits of this elegant little warbler, till the present discoveries.

GAME LAWS.

DURING the Salisbury Assizes, this month, a Writ of Enquiry was executed before Mr. Tinney, who presided for the Sheriff, and a Jury of the county of Wilts, in an action brought by F. D. Astley, Esq. against Archibald Robe, Esq. for a trespass, in entering the plantations of the plaintiff, and destroying his game.

Mr. Casberd conducted the case on the part of the plaintiff, and proved, by two witnesses, that the defendant, accompanied by two gentleman, had, after notice, gone upon the plaintiff's lands, and having committed the aggressions stated in the declaration, ought to pay exemplary damages. Mr. Serjeant Pell made an eloquent address to the Jury, and contended that, as the whole amount of the injury sustained by the plaintiff consisted in the killing of a hare upon his estate,

estate, which, by the law of this land, could not be considered as any violation of the rights of *property*, (game not being considered as the property of any one) it was impossible that the Jury could give more than nominal damages. The evidence was summed up by Mr. T. who stated to the Jury, that although they should be of opinion that the property of the plaintiff had not been violated in this case, yet they would consider that his manorial royalty had been wilfully entrenched upon after notice, which was a right established by law, maintained at a very considerable expence, and for the security of which actions of this sort were the appropriate remedy. He thought their verdict, without being vindictive, should be such as to satisfy the public that the aggression complained of entitled the injured party to more than a nominal compensation. The Jury, after some deliberation, gave three pounds damages.

There were four other actions, resting upon similar grounds, in two of which similar verdicts were entered by consent of the parties, and in the other two the plaintiff consented to accept a shilling damages.

MAN AND WIFE;

OR,

MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

Continued from page 236.

A Room in Sir Willoughby Worrett's house. Helen and Charles meeting—Helen screams—they run towards each other as if to embrace—Charles stops suddenly, under the impression of her proving faithless, and about to marry Lord Austencourt.

Helen. CHARLES! is it *you*, or is it your *spirit*?

Charles.—'Tis I, madam, and you'll find I have brought my *spirit* with me.

Helen.—Hey! why what the deuce ails the man?

Charles.—My presence here no doubt astonishes you.

Helen.—Yes, Sir, your presence *does* astonish me, but your manner still more.

Charles.—I understand you—you would still keep a poor devil in your toils, tho' in his absence you have been sporting with *nobler* game.

Helen.—My good friend, will you descend from your heroical stilts, and explain your meaning in plain English?

Charles.—There needs no explanation of my conduct—call it caprice—say, if you please, that *I* am *altered*—say *I have changed my mind*, and love another better—

Helen.—Indeed! and is it come to this! He shall not see he mortifies me however—(*aside*) Since you are in this mind, Sir, I wish you had been pleased to signify the same by letter, Sir—

Charles.—By letter?

Helen.—Yes, Sir,—for this personal visit being rather unexpected, does not promise to be particularly pleasant—

Charles.—I believe so, madam—you did not calculate, I fancy, on this *sudden* return.

Helen.—No indeed, Sir—and should have shewn all Christian patience if this *sudden* return had'nt happened these *twelve months*.

Charles.—The devil you would! madam!—but I'll be cool—I'll cut her to the heart with a razor of ice—I'll congeal her with indifference—you must know, madam—

Helen.—Bless me, Charles, how very strangely you look—you're *pale* and *red*, and *red* and *pale*, in the

the same moment! why you can scarcely breathe! and now you tremble so! I'm afraid you are very ill.

Charles.—Sarcastic!

Helen.—You move all over like a ship in a storm!

Charles.—Vastly well, madam—and now——

Helen.—Your teeth chatter!—

Charles.—Fire and faggots, madam, I *will* speak.

Helen.—Do, dear Charles, while you are able—your voice will be gone in a minute or two and then—

Charles.—I will be heard! (*bawling.*)

Helen.—That you will indeed—and all over the house, too.

Charles.—Madam, will you hear me or not?

Helen.—I am glad to find there's no affection of the lungs!

Charles.—Death and torments! may I be allowed to speak—yes, or no?

Helen.—Yes, but gently, and make haste before they call the watch.

Charles.—Madam, madam — I wish to keep my temper—I wish to be cool.

Helen.—Perhaps this will answer the purpose (*fanning him*).

Charles.—(*In confusion after a pause, aside,*) Is she laughing at me now—or trying to wheedle me into a good humour?—I feel, Miss Worrett, that I am expressing myself with too much warmth—I must therefore inform you that being ordered home with dispatches, and having some leisure time on my hands on my return, I thought it but proper as I passed the house to call at your door—just to say— a— a— just civilly to say—false! cruel! perfidious girl! you may break the tough heart of a sailor, but damn me if he will ever own it broke for love of you!

Helen.—On my honor, Sir, I do not understand what all this means.

Charles.—you don't?—

Helen.—No, Sir—if your purpose here is insult, you might, methinks, have found some fitter object than one who has so limited a power to resent it! [*Going.*

Charles.—Stay, madam—stay—what a face is there! a smile upon it too — oh, Helen — spare those smiles—they once could wake my soul to extasy; but now they rouze it into madness: save them, madam, for a happier lover—save them for Lord Austencourt.

Helen.—Charles—Charles, you have been deceived— but come—sit down and hear me.

Charles.—I am all attention, and listen to you with all that patience which the subject demands.

Helen—As you know the world, Charles, you cannot wonder that my father, (in the main a very good father, but in this respect, like all other fathers) should wish to unite his daughter to a man whose rank and fortune——

Charles. — (*Rising in anger.*) Spare yourself the trouble of further explanation, madam; I see the whole at once—you are now going to tell me about prudence, duty, obedience, filial affection, and all the canting catalogue of fine phrases that serve to gloss over the giddy frailty of your sex, when you sacrifice the person and the heart at the frequented shrine of avarice and ambition!

Helen.—(*Rising also.*) When I am next inclined to descend to explanation, Sir, I hope you will be better disposed to attend to me. [*Going.*

Charles.—A moment, madam! The whole explanation lies in a word—has not your father concluded

cluded a treaty of marriage between you and Lord Austencourt?

Helen.—He *has*—

Charles.—There—'tis enough! you have confessed it—

Helen—(*Stifling her tears*)—Confess'd what? you monster! I've confess'd nothing.

Charles.—Haven't you acknowledged that you are to be the wife of another?

Helen.—No.—

Charles.—No! won't you consent, then?

Helen.—Half an hour ago nothing on earth should have induced me to consent—but since I see, Charles, of what your temper is capable, I shall think it more laudable to risk my happiness by obedience to my father, than by an ill-judged constancy to one who seems so little inclined to deserve it. [*Exit.*

Charles.—Hey? where am I? zounds! I see my whole error at once! oh, Helen, Helen—for mercy's sake one moment more?—She's gone—and has left me in anger!—but I will see her again, and obtain her forgiveness—fool, ideot, dolt, ass, that I am, to suffer my cursed temper to master reason and affection at the risk of losing the dearest blessing of life—a lovely and an amiable woman. [*Exit.*

Apartment at Sir Willoughby's.

Here Helen, after some reproof for the violence of his temper, puts Charles into the music room, and her father, unacquainted with his being there, locks his daughter and her waiting maid in the same apartment. After a long dialogue, the door is opened, and Charles and Helen are discovered sitting together. Sir Willoughby, in a rage, turns Charles out of the house.

Another interview takes place between Charles and Helen.

Enter Charles Austencourt, cautiously.

Charles.—What a pretty state am I reduced to? though I am resolved to speak with this ungrateful girl but once more before I leave her for ever, here am I, skulking under the enemy's batteries as though I was afraid of encounter!—Yes, I'll see her, upbraid her, and then leave her for ever! heigho! she's a false, deceitful—dear, bewitching girl, and—however, I am resolved that nothing on earth—not even her tears, shall now induce me to forgive her. (*Tiffany crosses the stage.*)

Charles.—Ha!—harkye, young woman! pray are the family at home?

Tiffany.—My lady is at home, Sir—would you please to see her?

Charles.—Your lady—do you mean your *young* lady?

Tiffany.—No, Sir, I mean my *lady*.

Charles.—What, your *old* lady?—No—I don't wish to see *her*. Are all the rest of the family from home—

Tiffany.—No, Sir—Sir Willoughby is within—I'll tell him you are here, (*going*.)

Charles.—By no means—stay—stay! what, then, they are all at home except Miss Helen.

Tiffany.—She's at home too, Sir—but I suppose she don't wish to see you.

Charles.—*You suppose!*

Tiffany.—I'm sure she's been in a monstrous ill-humour ever since you came back, Sir—

Charles.—The devil she has!—and pray now are you of opinion that my return is the cause of her ill-humour?

Tiffany.—Lord, Sir—what interest

terest have I in knowing such things?—

Charles.—Interest!—oh, oh! the old story! why harkye, my dear—your mistress has a lord for her lover, so I suppose he has secured a warmer interest than I can afford to purchase—however, I know the custom, and thus I comply with it, in hopes you will tell me whether you really think my return has caused your young mistress's ill-humour——*(gives money).*

Tiffany.—A guinea! well! I declare! why really, Sir—when I say Miss Helen has been out of humour on your account, I don't mean to say it is on account of your *return*, but on account of your going away again—

Charles.—No! my dear Tiffany.

Tiffany.—And I am sure I don't wonder at her being cross about it, for if I was my mistress I never would listen with patience (any more than she does) to such a disagreeable creature as my lord, while such a generous nice gentleman as you was ready to make love to me.

Charles.—You couldn't?

Tiffany.—No, Sir—and I'm sure she's quite altered and melancholy gone since you quarrelled with her, and she vows now more than ever that she never will consent to marry my lord, or any body but you—*(Helen comes forward gently.)*

Charles.—My dear Tiffany!—let me catch the sounds from your rosy lips. *(Kisses her)*—

Helen.—*(Separating them)* Bless me! I am afraid I interrupt business here!

Charles.—I—I—I—Upon my soul, Madam—what you saw was—

Tiff.—Ye—ye—yes—upon my word, Ma'am, what you saw was—

Helen.—What I saw was very clear indeed!—

Charles.—Hear me, but explain—you do not understand.—

Helen.—I rather think I *do* understand—

Tiffany.—Indeed, Ma'am, Mr. Charles was only *whispering* something I was to tell you—

Helen.—And pray, Ma'am, do you suffer gentlemen in general to whisper in that fashion?—What do you stand stammering and blushing there for?—why don't you go?

Tiffany.—Yes, Ma'am,—but I assure you—

Helen.—What! you stay to be whispered to again, I suppose.

[*Exit Tiffany.*

Charles.—Let me explain this,—oh, Helen—can you be surprised?—

Helen.—No, Sir, I can't be surprised at any thing after what I have just witnessed—

Charles.—On my soul, it was excess of joy at hearing you still lov'd me, that led me into this confounded scrape.

Helen.—Sir, you should not believe it—I don't love you. I wont love you,—and after what I have just seen, you can't expect I should love you—

Charles.—Helen! Helen! you make no allowance for the fears of a man who loves you to distraction. I have borne a great deal, and can bear but very little more—

Helen.—Poor man! you're sadly loaded with grievances, to be sure; and by and by, I suppose, like a horse or a mule, or some such stubborn animal, having more than you can bear, you'll kick a little, and plunge a little, and then down on your *knees* again!

Charles.—I gloried even in that humble posture, while you taught me to believe you lov'd me.

Helen.

Helen.—Tis true, my heart was once your own, but I never can, nor ought to forgive you — for thinking me capable of being unfaithful to you.

Charles.—Dearest, dear Helen! and has your anger, then, no other cause? surely you could not blame a resentment which was the offspring of my fond affection?

Helen.—No! to be sure I could not, who could!—but what should I not have to dread from the violence of your temper, if I consented —to run away with you?

Charles.—Run away with me! —no!—zounds I've a chaise in waiting—

Helen.—Have you?—then pray let it wait—No! no! Charles—tho' I haven't scrupled to own an affection for you, I have too much respect for the world's opinion,—let us wait with patience,—time may rectify that impetuosity of character, which is now, I own, my dread; think of it, Charles, and beware; for affection is a frail flower, and is reared by the hand of gentleness—it perishes as surely by the shocks of violence as by the more gradual poison of neglect.

Charles.—Dearest Helen! I will cherish it in my heart—'tis a *rough* soil I own, but 'tis a *warm* one; and when the hand of delicacy shall have cultivated this flower that is rooted there, the blossom shall be everlasting love!

Helen.—Ah, you men!—you men! but—I think I may be induced to try you.—Meantime, accept my hand, dear Charles, as a pledge of my heart, and as the assurance that it shall one day be your own indeed *(he kisses her hand.)* There, you needn't eat it—there!—now make your escape, and farewell till we meet again.—

Among the droll sentiments to be found in this play are the following:—

Abel Growse.—Nature and education have made you modest, you were born an Irishman and bred an attorney—

O'Ded.—And take my word for it, when nature forms an Irishman, if she makes some little blunder in the contrivance of his head, it is because she bestows so much pains on the construction of his heart.

Abel Growse.—That may be partially true—but to hear *you* profess sentiments of feeling and justice reminds me of our advertising money-lenders, who, while they practise usury and extortion on the world, assure them that "the strictest honour and liberality may be relied on."

O'Ded.—That blunt little fellow (Abel Growse) has got a sharp tongue in his head. He's an odd compound; just like a great big roasted potatoe, all crusty and crabbed without, but mealy and soft-hearted within.

THE PYTCHLEY STAKES.

NORTHAMPTON, MARCH 16.

THE Pytchley Stakes, for horses carrying 13st. ten subscribers of 10gs. each, were run for over our course on Wednesday, the 16th, by the following horses:—

Mr. Story's b. h. Cockspinner, rode by Mr. Story	1	1
Mr. Mickelthwaite's b. h. Sulks, rode by Mr. Wakefield	2	2
Mr. Waddington's ch. h. Pigeon, rode by Mr. Fletcher	3	3

Mr.

Mr. Ambrose's b. h. Lightning, rode by Mr. Wardle 6 dis
Mr. Cook's br. h. No-go, rode by Mr. Salisbury........4 dr
Mr. Pell's br. h. Scriveton, rode by Mr. Pell........5 dr

Before starting, Cockspinner was the favourite; and after the first heat, the odds were five and six to one he won. Under these circumstances, the race, as might be expected, afforded but very indifferent sport. The day was remarkably fine, and the company assembled very numerous, comprising many families of the first distinction in the county.

In the evening, a ball and supper were given at the George Inn, by the members of the Hunt. Upwards of two hundred of the nobility and gentry of the county, together with the Officers of the gallant 18th Dragoons, lying at this town, were present on the occasion. Magnificence and splendour every where met the eye. The elegance and fashion exhibited throughout this gay assemblage, and the splendid decorations of the ball-room, which was brilliantly illuminated with an immensity of variegated lamps and lustres, have rarely, if ever, been paralleled in this place. Variety, taste, and neatness, were no less conspicuous in the cold collation served up in the course of the evening. An excellent band of music, under the direction of the two Gows, was engaged from town; to which was added that of the 18th Dragoons, who were fully employed until a late hour on Thursday morning. A great portion of the company did not retire from the ball-room till between five and six; and we feel confident in stating, from the universal display of urbanity and mutual condescension, that nothing of the kind could be more gratifying and congenial to the tastes of all than was the entertainment in every department.

SHOOTING A GOAT.

A CAUSE TRIED AT THE ESSEX ASSIZES.

Willington *v.* Webb.

THIS was an action of trespass, brought against the defendant for shooting at and wounding the plaintiff's *goat*.

Mr. Garrow stated, that the defendant formerly resided at St. Alban's, until that place was too hot for him, and since that time he had set himself down at Waltham Abbey, much to the annoyance of that neighbourhood. The cause for which the present action was brought, was a most wanton outrage against the property of a neighbour, in shooting at his goat. Not content with this, he had attempted to justify it, and had *libelled* the character of the goat, by putting such a justification on the record, that he could not state it in the company of ladies; he had, however, withdrawn that plea, and he contented himself with pleading *not guilty*. He should, however, by witnesses, shew that he was guilty, and after that he expected smart damages from the hands of the Jury.

—— Parsons, was called, who stated that the goat was in the defendant's garden, and she saw him shoot at him, and afterwards drive him through the hedge.

Mr. Serjeant Best cross-examined this witness as to the *moral conduct* of the goat, and by his examination insinuated that his behaviour was

was very *indecorous*. The witness, however, denied that she had detected him in any impropriety of behaviour, and declared that he was much better behaved as a *goat*, than the defendant was as a *man*. Being asked whether the goat was not immediately after taken to have his wound dressed by a neighbouring farrier? It turned out that it was not so, but he was taken to visit a female goat of his acquaintance, and not for the purpose of physic.

After a humorous speech from Mr. Serjeant Best, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages sixpence.

STALLIONS TO COVER IN ENGLAND, &c. 1809.

AARON, at Barham Wood, near Edgware, Middlesex, at one guinea and a half. By Rockingham, out of Violet, by Sweetbriar; Miss Cade, by Regulus.

ALEXANDER, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, by Forester.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at Mr. R. Goodisson's, Newmarket, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Alexander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer.

APPLEGARTH, at Thatcham, near Newbury, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s. By Stride; dam, Emma, by Telemachus, out of A-la-Greque, by Regulus, Allworthy, Bolton Starling.

BARNABY, at Mr. James Mackall's, Catterick, Yorkshire, at 4gs. and 5s.—By Stride; dam by Eclipse, out of Cricket.

BENINGBROUGH, at Mr. Dinsdale's, Middleham, Yorkshire, forty mares, by subscription, (except three of the owners) at 25gs. and 1g.—By King Fergus; dam by King Herod; Pyrrha, by Match'em, out of Duchess, by Whitenose.

BEDALIAN, at Bedale, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 3gs.—By Beningbrough; dam, Constantia, by Walnut.

BLUE-DEVIL, at Mr. J. Furnish's, Trinity-lane, York, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Beningbrough; dam by Sir Peter Teazle.

BOBTAIL, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Precipitate, dam, Bobtail, by Eclipse, out of Faith, the dam of Marcia, &c.

BOUNCE, at Osbaldwick, near York, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Traveller; dam, Astarté, by St. Paul; Highflyer; Jewel, by Squirrel.

BRAFFERTON, at Helperby, near Boroughbridge, at one guinea and 5s.—By Beningbrough, out of Priscilla's dam.

CÆSARIO, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By John Bull; dam, Olivia, by Justice, out of Cypher, by Squirrel.

CAMILLUS, at Wigginthorpe, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 10gs.—By Hambletonian, out of Faith, the dam of Marcia, &c.

CASTLE-HOWARD ARABIAN, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, at 1g. and 5s.

CASTREL, at Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire; the first ten mares at 10gs. the second ten at 15gs. and the remainder at 20gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Buzzard; dam, (Selim and Bronze's dam) by Alexander, Highflyer, Engineer.

CHANCE, at Grimston Village, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

CHESHIRE-CHEESE, at Knutsford, Cheshire,

Cheshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Georgiana, by Sweetbriar.

CLEVELAND, at Burton, near Lincoln, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Overton; dam, Charmer, by Phenomenon; grandam by Fitzherod, Young Cade, Regulus, Snake, Partner.

CORIOLANUS, at Scarisbrick, near Ormskirk, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Delpini; dam, (own sister to Hambletonian) by King Fergus, out of Grey Highflyer.

DIAMOND, at the Royals, near Nantwich, Cheshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Highflyer; dam by Match'em; Barbara, by Snap, out of Miss Vernon, by Cade.

DICK ANDREWS, at Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Joe Andrews; dam by Highflyer, Cardinal Puff, Tatler, Snip.

DITTO, at Dringhouses, near York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Walton's dam) by Dungannon.

DRIVER, at Mr. W. Lee's, Leckonfield Parks, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 2gs. and 2s. 6d.—By Trentham; dam, Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb, out of Regulus's Sister.

EAGLE, at East-End Farm, Finchley, near London, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Volunteer; dam by Highflyer, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.

ELGIN ARABIAN, at Bedale, at 3gs. and 5s.

EVANDER, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, at Huntington, near York, at 6gs. and 5s.—By Delpini; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon; grandam, Faith, (Marcia, Vesta, and Camillus's dam) by Pacolet.

EXPECTATION, at North-Burton Hall, near Driffield, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Zelia, by Eclipse, out of Jemima, (sister to Mexico) by Snap.

GAMENUT, at Haselbury Farm, Box, near Bath, at 5gs. and 5s. By Walnut, out of Contessina, by Young Marsk.

GILES, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Trumpator, out of Dandelion, by Mercury.

GLAUCUS, at Wynnstay, Wales, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Diomed; dam, Grace, by Snap, out of Pussy, by Regulus.

GOHANNA, at Petworth, Sussex, at 50gs. and 2gs.—By Mercury; dam, (Sister to Challenger) by King Herod; Maiden, (Sister to Purity) by Match'em, out of Mr. Pratt's Old Squirt Mare, the dam of Pumpkin, Miss Timms, &c.

GOLUMPUS, (late Lord Egremont's) at Low Batton, near Kexbybridge, seven miles from York, at 3gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Gohanna; dam, Catherine, (own Sister to Colibri) by Woodpecker, out of Camilla, by Trentham.

GRAZIER, at the Red Lion, Pontefract, at 3gs. and 3s.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of a daughter of Lord Clermont's Trumpator, by Herod, Snap, Gower Stallion, Childers.

HAMBLETONIAN, at Wynyard, near Stockton-upon-Tees, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By King Fergus, out of Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer.

HAPHAZARD, at the same place as Eagle, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey, by Eclipse.

HIGHLAND-FLING, at Mr. Haynes's Stables, Riding-House-lane, Gt. Portland-street, Oxford-road, London,

London, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Spadille, out of Celia, by King Herod.

HYACINTHUS, at White-Wall-House, near Malton, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Coriander; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon, out of Atalanta, (Faith's dam) by Match'em.

JACK TAR, at Bolesworth Hill, ten miles from Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By John Bull; dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mr. Pratt's Nelly, oy Otho, Syphon.

JOHN BULL, at Auchins, Ayrshire, N. Britain, at 10gs.—By Fortitude, out of Xantippe, by Eclipse.

JOHNNY, at Winkfield Plain, near Ascot-Heath, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By King Fergus, out of Asparagus's dam.

KITE, at Hutton-Ambo, near Malton, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Buzzard, out of Calash, the dam of Whiskey, &c.

LENOX, at Charing, Kent, at 3gs, and 10s. 6d.—By Delpini, out of Violet, (Thomasina's dam) by Shark.

LIGNUM-VITÆ, at Pave-Lane, near Newport, Shropshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Walnut, out of Miss Judy, by Alfred.

LUCK'S-ALL, at Barton, Winterton, Brigg, and Caistor, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Stamford; dam, Marchioness, by Lurcher, out of Miss Cogden, by Phenomenon.

MAHOMET, at the same place and price as the Elgin Arabian.

METEOR, at Eaton, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Eclipse; dam by Merlin, out of Mother Pratt.

MILO, at Knowsley, near Prescot, Lancashire, at 4gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Wren, by Woodpecker.

MR. TEAZLE, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own Brother to Stamford, by Sir Peter Teazle.

NEWCASTLE, at Newton, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Waxy; dam by Woodpecker.

OLD TATT, at Whitley, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Highflyer, out of Plaything, by Match'em.

ORLANDO, at Swarkeston, near Derby, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Whiskey, out of Amelia, by Highflyer, Match'em.

ORVILLE, at the Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Beningbrough; dam, Evelina, by Highflyer, out of Termagant, the grandam of Sir Paul, Paulina, &c.

PANDOLPHO, at Kiveton, near Worksop and Rotherham, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Pretender, out of Gnawpost's Sister, by Snap.

PATROCLUS, at Sand-Hutton, near Thirsk, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own Brother to Lady Mary, by Beningbrough; dam by Highflyer, out of a daughter of Old Marsk.

PAYNATOR, at the same place as EVANDER, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own Brother to Chippenham, by Trumpator; dam by Marc Antony, out of Signora, by Snap.

PHŒNIX, at Black Hall, near South Brent, Devon, at 2gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Miss Betsey, (Helmet's dam) by King Herod, out of Syren, by Snap, Regulus.

PLANET, at Wem, Salop, at 2gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Dungannon; dam, Stargazer, by Highflyer, out of Miss West.

QUIZ, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford Suffolk, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em.

RANDOM, at the same place as Expectation, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Trumpator,

Trumpator, out of Bonny Kate, by Volunteer.

REMEMBRANCER, at Streatlam-castle, near Barnard-castle, at 8gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Pipator, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse.

SANCHO, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Don Quixote; dam (own Sister to Maid of All Work) by Highflyer, out of a Sister to Tandem, by Syphon, Regulus, Snip, Cottingham.

ST. GEORGE, at Mr. C. Fothergill's, the White-House, near the Mount, without Micklegate-Bar, York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Highflyer, out of an own Sister to Harmonia, Soldier, &c. by Eclipse, out of Miss Spindleshanks, by Omer, Starling, Godolphin Arabian, &c.

SHUTTLE, at the same place as Hambletonian, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Young Marsk; dam by the Vauxhall Snap, out of Hip, by King Herod; Sister to Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian.

SIR HARRY DIMSDALE, at Old Durham, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Contessina, by Young Marsk.

SIR OLIVER, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 10gs. and 1g.—Own Brother to Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Fanny, by Diomed, out of Ambrosia, by Woodpecker, Blank.

SIR PAUL, at Wentworth-Lodge, near Rotherham, at 10gs. and 1g.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem, out of Termagant, by Tantrum, Regulus (Marsk's dam).

SIR SOLOMON, at Sandbeck, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Matron, by Florizel, out of Maiden, by Match-'em.

SIR ULIC M'KILLIGUT, at Hedgford, near Rudgeley, Staffordshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Whiskey, out of Amelia, by Highflyer.

SORCERER, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, at 15gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Trumpator; out of Young Giantess, the dam of Eleanor, Julia, Lydia, &c.

STAMFORD, at Cantley, three miles from Doncaster, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Countess, the dam of Delpini, &c.

STAVELEY, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Shuttle; dam by Drone; grandam, (Trimbush's dam) by Match'em, out of Jocasta, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester.

STRIDE, at Carr-hill, near Corbridge, Northumberland, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Phenomenon, dam by Goldfinder; dam, Lovely, by Babram, out of Regulator's dam, by the Cullen Arabian.

TEDDY THE GRINDER, at Mr. Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Asparagus, out of Stargazer.

TIMOTHY, at the Bay Horse, Wentbridge, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Delpini, out of Cora, by Match'em, Turk, Cub.

TOTTERIDGE, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d. — By Dungannon; dam, Marcella, (Pavilion's grandam) Mambrino, out of Medëa, by Sweetbriar.

TRAFALGAR, (late Lord Darlington's) at Eaton, near Chester, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Æthe, by Young Marsk, out of Serina, by Goldfinder.

TRAVELLER, at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and 5s.—By High-

Highflyer, out of a Sister to Proserpine, by Henricus.

WALTON, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—Own brother to Ditto, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Dungannon, grandam by Prophet, out of Virago (Saltram's dam) by Snap.

WARRIOR, at Lytham, near Preston, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam (Mary Ann's dam) by Young Marsk, Match'em, Tarquin, Belgrade.

WAXY, at Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Pot8o's; dam, Maria, by King Herod, out of Lisette, by Snap.

WHISKEY, at the same place as Sorcerer, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Saltram, out of Calash, by King Herod.

WINDLE, at Garswood, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—Own brother to Ashton, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, by Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marsk.

WOLDSMAN, at Shipton, near York, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter Teazle; out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer.

YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire, at 5gs.—Own brother to Chanticleer, by Woodpecker; dam by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap.

ZACHARIAH, at Mr. Davis's Farm, at Murton, near York, at 5gs. and 5s.—Own brother to Beningbrough.

THE INFLUENCE OF BACON AND CABBAGE.

DURING the administration of Cardinal Richlieu, a set of strolling players at Paris had such success in low farce, that the other companies became jealous, and wished to have them suppressed. They complained to the Cardinal; he, fond of every thing dramatic, sent for them to perform before him in the Palais Royal; and the piece they selected shews, that the Cardinal could sometimes be amused with some of the coarsest descriptions of life and manners.

Gros Guillaume, or Fat Will, was a principal droll in the exhibition before the Cardinal. Fat Will is represented as thick as he is long, and often, by means of a dress with hoops stretched across, formed himself into the figure of a hogshead. In this farce, he was supposed to be the wife of Turlupin, who, jealous of Garguilla, is going to cut off her head; infuriated with this idea, he seizes her by the hair, with a drawn sabre in his hand, while she, upon her knees, conjures him by every thing that is tender to abate his anger.

She first reminds him of their past loves and courtships—how she rubbed his back when he had the rheumatism, and his belly when he had the gripes, and how particularly charmed she was with him when he wore his dear little flannel night-cap—but all in vain. "Will nothing move thee?" cries this amiable fair one, in a fit of the last despair—"Then O! thou barbarian, think of the *bacon* and *cabbage* I fried for thy supper yesterday evening."—"Oh, the sorceress!" cried Turlupin—"I can't resist her—she knows how to take me by my foible; the *bacon*, the *bacon*, quite *unmans* me, and the very fat is now rising in my stomach.—Live on, then, thou charmer—fry *cabbage*, and be dutiful."

POLITICAL CRICKET MATCH.

A Grand cricket match, for the highest stakes ever known to have been played for in this kingdom, is said to be in agitation between his Royal Highness, the late Commander in Chief, and the military club of General Officers, on one side, against all England on the other side. This match, which was lately proposed at one of the meetings of the club after dinner, was warmly supported by the Secretary at War, as well as all the Members present; and Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Canning, have accepted the challenge on the part of all England. Doubts, however, begin to be entertained, whether the military gentlemen feel quite so bold in their cooler moments, as they did in those of their convivial festivity. Indeed, they are thought to be so greatly overmatched, that not a bet can be got upon them at any odds. There is certainly no comparison between the leaders of the two sides. His Royal Highness, it must be admitted, has shewn himself a good runner, but unfortunately in all the matches he has played, he has let his adversaries get a great number of notches by bye-balls, from being a very bad stopper; and the Secretary at War is not only a miserable field's-man, but once in a great match near Ferrol, when he had the game in his own hands, lost it in a most unaccountable manner by never stirring from his wicket. On the other side, Mr. Whitbread is well known to be a very hard hitter, and Mr. Canning is allowed to catch a ball and throw it in with more dexterity and quickness than any man in the kingdom. Should the match be made up, we shall give our readers the earliest notice of the time and place of meeting.

BLOOD HORSES, &c.

DR. C. H. Parry, in a recent communication to the Board of Agriculture, has illustrated the nature of this distinction among sportsmen, by comparing it with some others, applied to other animals beside horses. "I hear (says he) a great deal of what is by the unlearned called *nature*, and by those who fancy themselves more learned, *blood*—but, I would ask, what is the import of these words? Do they mean certain mysterious properties inherent in any one unmingled race? No! our best racehorses are only mongrels; that is, the produce of mongrel mares, either by pure Arabians or by sires, which were equally mongrel with themselves. Yet we do not hesitate to consider King Herod or Highflyer as blood horses, just as much as if they had immediately descended from a pure Arabian sire and dam; and we should certainly have preferred them for propagation to any pure Arabian stallion which might be inferior to them in valuable properties.

"These properties are very different in different animals. In a horse which is intended for running, they are, speed and facility of breathing, united with only a certain degree of strength. In this animal, fatness would be one of the greatest evils. On the contrary, in a Leicester sheep, the marks of blood are, smallness of bone, shortness of legs, and largeness of chest, all tending to fit him for indolence and obesity. The evidences of blood in a bull-dog are very different from those in either of the former examples.

"The word blood, then, is nothing more than an abstract term, expressive of certain external and visible forms."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Sapient question, put to Miss Taylor, on her examination at the Bar of the House of Commons, relative to the charges against the Duke of York :—

Question.—Might not your father take the name of Chance, without your knowledge ?

Answer.— Then how should I know that he did ?——*(a laugh).*

In a debate on the same business, in the House of Commons. Mr. Fuller, a warm advocate for the Duke of York, said, that he had received a number of anonymous letters, calling him a *black-hearted* fellow, and this thing, that thing, and t'other thing. *(Loud laughing.)* He did not like to have the Duke of York sent away like a whale, with a harpoon stuck in his side. Many complaints, he said, were made against this country; but, in his opinion, the country was better than any country upon earth; and " he that don't like England, d—n him let him leave it" *(a roar of laughter and groans.)* He apologised for the last expression; said he had heard it as a toast in a public company!

During the enquiry, Mr. Wilberforce said, that the courtly rebuke of the Duke of York, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, reminded him of an anecdote of the reign of Charles the Second :— When that Monarch had been guilty of some gross breach of decorum and decency with a loose woman, which attracted the notice of the Clergy, it was resolved to reprove him for his incontinence and public transgression.—The body of the Clergy came to the bottom of the Audience Room; one of them, of the name of Douglas, persuaded the others to let him go up singly to his Majesty, in order that he might rebuke him with greater asperity. He accordingly walked up to the King, but instead of the expected admonition, gravely, and in a low tone of voice, advised his Majesty, when he did such a thing again, to be sure and shut the shutters!

EPIGRAM

On O'Meara's going in search of preferment.

So great on the Church were O'Meara's designs,
That he prov'd too ambitious a spark;
But where is the wonder, ye learned Divines,
That the *Parson should go to the* Clark?

ANOTHER.

Determin'd no more to be left in the lurch,
And knowing the Clark keeps the keys of the Church,
With his noted *Protectress* he carried a farce on,
And lost in the Clark what was due to the Parson.

A Quaker being asked what he thought of the Duke of York's letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the assertion it contains " on the word of a Prince?" replied by putting another question, " What, friend, dost thee think of the text which is given, on the *word* of a *King* in the 62d Psalm, ver. 9 ?

A Gentleman,

A Gentleman, of the *petit-maitre* race, was complaining bitterly, at the theatre, a few nights since, that some one had picked his pocket of a very valuable *gold snuff-box*. "You have no reason to lament, Sir (said a young Lady); from your smart appearance, no one could mistake *you* for a *box-keeper*."

A Preacher at one of the Meeting-houses of ——— turning over the leaves of his Bible, emphatically exclaimed—"These, my brethren, are God's *bank-notes*, and when you carry them to heaven, he will *cash* them *at sight*!"

A Gentleman calling on a friend (who, on account of certain duns, was a good deal at home, and had given out to his friends as an excuse, that he was *confined to his room*, which was on the *third floor*,) asked him if he had been ill?—"Yes," replied the other, "I have had a severe fit of the *room*-atism"—"Aye," said his friend, looking round, "I perceive you are *room-attic*!"

Some of the expressions in a lately-published *tender* correspondence, remind us of the following stanza in the popular ballad of John Gilpin:

Says Gilpin then—I do admire,
Of woman kind but one,
And thou art she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done!

This, however, addressed to a wife, was exactly as it should be. —"But let that pass." Gilpin's celebrity in other respects was something like that of his betters, "he went farther than he intended"—happy will it be for them, if, like him, "they come home safe at last."

Jeu d'Esprit by Mr. Sheridan, on the Prince of Wales's complaining, that he felt it very cold, until he had swallowed some rum and water.

A Prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
To his lips he plied the rummer.
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
And then he swore 'twas *Summer*.

A teacher of an academy informs the public, that, "for the still farther improvement of his pupils, *three assistants* are now engaged, *i. e. four*; himself and three others.

As the public frequently enjoys a laugh at the expence of an Irish jury, it is but fair to allow a little *retaliation* in the case of a *Yorkshire* Jury, who at the last assizes brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*, although the person so *slaughtered* was alive; and when recommended to reconsider their verdict, they *mended* it by pronouncing the prisoner *not guilty*.

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the King enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that King was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of *your* way, I could not do less than go out of *mine*."

As a stage-coach, very heavily laden both with *live* and *dead* stock, was quitting the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, a porter wished the coachman to take charge of a *side of bacon*, to which *Jehu* objected, saying, "it was against the *Gammon* Act."

A Cler-

A CLERGYMAN in the country, who had long *farmed* his *tythes* alternately among his parishioners, began at last to suspect that the rogues endeavoured to keep the income of his *small* living still *less*, and so determined, this year at least, to take his *tythes in kind*. To "*cheat the Parson*" is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture. These gentlemen determined not to be behind-hand with their predecessors; and, in the last harvest, sent for the Parson to take away his *hay* the moment it was cut down, alledging, that as soon as it was cut down into *swathes* it was no longer grass, and that he might *turn it and cock it himself*. Rather than "go to law," the Parson submitted, and took his next Sunday's text on *brotherly kindness*, beginning thus: "Brotherly kindness may be divided into *three* parts; domestic affection, social love, and charity; from all which proper inferences may be drawn for instruction.—Thus brethren, I give you a sermon in *swathes—you may turn it and cock it yourselves*." The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income, acknowledging it even then less than it should be; and thus what *justice* and *law* might have kept from him for years, was at length granted for the sake *of a joke*.

AN Irishman in Liverpool, being lately balloted for the Local Militia, notwithstanding he was a Volunteer, exclaimed, "Arrah! but I must have a *double-barrelled gun*, with *two touch-holes*, to serve in *both* corps.

AN arch son of Crispin, lately carrying home a pair of shoes to one of his customers, a very precise *maiden lady*, she insisted they were not *fellows*, and seemed disposed to return them upon his hands: Crispin, however, very soon disarmed her wrath, and flattered her humour, by observing, he knew very well that she was not so partial to *fellows* as to be offended on that account.

REPARTEE.—"I cannot"—said a lady, who was leaning upon a *rail* at the Opera-House during a little confusion—"I cannot, for the soul of me, *catch a note*."—"Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a *bar*."

A CORRESPONDENT, who has frequently witnessed the ardent exertions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, among the penny barbers, gingerbread stalls, and other important objects, has proposed a new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, with a plate, in which *Christian Zeal* is to appear with a red-hot poker in his hand, while, *Herod* like, a beadle is driving the children from their cakes and apples.

WHEN the late Dr. Healde superintended the Pharmacopœia Londinensis, the manuscript was extremely difficult to read. One word, more intricate than the rest, was referred to every person in the printing-office, when at length a compositor on the work, priding himself on his ability, found out the word to be *Cordial Gin*—from whence the phrase stood, "This medicine is to be taken in *Cordial Gin*." The original was *Cardialgria*, or the heartburn, a disorder rather produced than allayed by the *cordial* alluded to.

DUEL,

BETWEEN LORD VISCOUNT FALKLAND AND MR. POWELL.

IN consequence of a quarrel, which has been variously related, between the above personages, they met and fought a duel at Golder's Green, near Hampstead, when his Lordship received a mortal wound, of which he died. The dispute is reported to have originated at the Mount-street Coffee-house, after the parties had been together for a day or two at different places, and were not perfectly sober.

The only document that has any appearance of accuracy as to this transaction, is the report of the Coroner's Inquest, which was held on Saturday morning, March 4, at the residence of Alexander Powell, Esq. in Devonshire-place, on the body of Lord Falkland, who died on Thursday morning early, in consequence of a pistol-shot wound received by him on Tuesday morning previous.

The only evidence adduced before the Jury, touching the death of the deceased, was that of Mr. Heaviside; Mr. Powell's butler, named Norvell; and the nurse who attended him in his last moments.

There were several gentlemen present, who were in the coffee-room at the time the altercation took place between his Lordship and Mr. Powell; but their testimony being irrelevant to the immediate object of this inquiry, it was not received by the Coroner.

Mr. Heaviside's evidence went merely to prove, that he had attended the deceased from the time he was brought to Mr. Powell's house to the moment of his dissolution. His assistance was called in on Tuesday morning, when he found Lord Falkland sitting on a chair, very faint from the loss of blood. On learning the nature of his wound, he ordered him to be put to bed and kept quiet. He abstained from putting any questions whatever to the deceased, relative to the manner in which he came by the wound, or who was the author of it. Finding from the symptoms that it was mortal, he declined probing for the ball, lest the operation might accelerate the death of the patient. His Lordship lingered in great agony until about two o'clock on Thursday morning, when he died. His faculties were perfect to the last; but he never uttered any thing to witness that indicated the manner in which he came by his wound. Very little conversation passed between his Lordship and him, and indeed he seemed to decline rather than court intercourse with other persons. On Friday morning the deceased was opened, and the course of the ball was traced from the lower part of the right side of the belly, where it entered, passed through the cavity of the abdomen, lacerated some of the larger intestines, and lodged finally amongst the *umbal vertibræ* of the spine, from whence it was extracted. Mr. Heaviside was clearly of opinion that his Lordship died in consequence of this wound.

Norvell, the butler, stated, that the deceased came to his master's house on Tuesday morning, in a post-chaise. He helped, along with his master's coachman, to carry him up stairs, where he was laid upon some chairs, and Mr. Heaviside was sent for. The chaise instantly drove off, after his Lordship had alighted from it, and witness was unable to ascertain the name

name of the owner, which he recollected to have seen painted on the pannel. In about a quarter of an hour after the deceased came into the house, Mr. Powell called; but he departed almost immediately, and since that time witness had never seen or heard of him. During the time witness was with Lord Falkland, he never heard his Lordship say any thing about the manner he came by his wound, or who inflicted it; nor did he ever hear his master say any thing which induced him to believe he had any quarrel with the deceased. He knew of no misunderstanding between them.

Mrs. King, the nurse, proved that she sat up with his Lordship during Thursday night, but never heard him state any thing with respect to the manner he came by his wound. He appeared to avoid conversation with every body; and even with his lady, who attended him to the last hour of his existence, he observed a perfect silence, and seemed anxious for repose.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex visited his Lordship on the Wednesday, and remained a considerable time with him in private. He retained his faculties to the very moment of his death: he helped himself when he wanted refreshment, and turned in bed without the least assistance.

There being no other testimony to lay before the Jury, as to the manner the deceased came by his death, the Coroner addressed them shortly, and observed, that they could be but of one opinion upon this subject, namely, that his Lordship died in consequence of the wound he had received, which it was manifest had been inflicted by some other hand than his own.—There was no evidence before them whatever relative to the author of this wound, or of the circumstances which immediately preceded the melancholy occurrence. It only remained, therefore, for them to pronounce their verdict upon the evidence they had heard, such as it was, and leave any further enquiry on the subject to the vigilance of the police.

The Jury, under these circumstances, returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.

To the erroneous accounts of this duel in the newspapers, a correspondent, who signs, "Falkland's Ghost," dictates the following *errata* respecting this fatal duel:—

"It has been stated with confidence, that Mr. Powell only fired, when both gentlemen fired together: that they were intimate friends, which is likewise false, being only acquaintances. It has been said, too, that Lord Falkland offered apologies, which is likewise false, as he never would, in the smallest degree, apologise. Two surgeons have been reported as present, which is likewise untrue;—there was no surgeon present. In the account in one paper, it was said that they fought at Chalk Farm, which was impossible, as a police officer is always stationed there to prevent duels. It was also asserted, that Lord Falkland said, as he was conveying to Devonshire-place, that he bore no enmity to Mr. Powell. This is also erroneous, as from the first moment he fell he never said one word about the duel, or any thing relating to it.—Some of the prints have likewise most absurdly stated that Mr. P. is to pay Lord F.'s debts: what consummate folly!"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Thursday morning, the 9th instant, his Majesty's hounds hunted, by order of the Marquis Cornwallis, his Majesty's Master of the Hounds. About ten o'clock his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and a numerous field of gentlemen sportsmen, assembled at Salt Hill, near Windsor. Upon the arrival of his Royal Highness, a very fine deer was turned out of the cart for the day's diversion, which went off with great speed, and shewed much sport, round the neighbourhood of Burnham and Farnham, for upwards of an hour and a half; afterwards made a double back, and crossed the London road, through the inclosures, towards the Thames, which he also crossed between Surley-Hall and Clewer. The sportsmen and hounds pursued their sport through the towns of Eton and Windsor, to the no small amusement of the numerous inhabitants, and by that means came up with the deer again, and took it within a short distance of St. Leonard's-hill. A number of the horses were knocked up.

During the present month, Colonel Thornton turned out a stag, before a very numerous field of sportsmen, at Beckhampton, on Marlborough Downs, and after a run of not less than thirty miles, the animal was taken unhurt.—The sport was exquisite.

Fox-Chase.—On the 4th inst. the hounds of Mr. Daniel Cundy, of Lewannick, unkennelled a fox in the parish of Northill, which was chased upwards of forty miles, and killed in the parish of St. Cleer, near the river Fowey.—Whilst reynard was taking from the earth, in the presence of a great number of sportsmen, the Cardinham hounds, (then in view) after a noble chase, killed another fox on the opposite side of the river, in St. Neot.—Highly gratified with the sports of the day, both parties met and proceeded to St. Neot church-town, where they spent a convivial evening.

Surrey Harriers.—On Monday, the 27th ult. the well-known pack of Burstow harriers threw off at Outwood Common; found immediately, and after a very good run of more than an hour and a half, in full cry, killed near Burstow Park. Threw off again in Burstow Lodge grounds; found a sporting hare, and after making two good rings over those deep inclosures, and through Stone Coppice, (where there is a preserve) was singled out, and made away for Outwood; headed back for Carey's Wood, where, trying the cover for some time, took straight over Weather Hill, for Red Hall, over the Copthorn swampy country: the hounds here coming to a check for a few minutes, gave time for the sportsmen in the rear to come up—made her off in a gallant style, over Hell Brow, away through the covers for Rovaunt, &c. topping the new-made hedges like a fox; was killed in a capital style, after a severe run of near four hours. Out of the large field of sportsmen, there were only five horsemen in at the death.

On Tuesday the 28th ult. Mr. Hurrell's harriers met at Eversden, where they presently unkennelled a fox, which, leaving the town, made for Eversden Wood, but here disdaining to enter, he went off for Kingston Wood, and passing through it, made for the plantations at Wimpole; from them, up to and through Eversden Wood, as if going for Toft, but being headed, turned for Kingston town, from thence to Bourn town's-end; crossing the fields and commons of that parish, he ran into Knapwell Wood. The chase here was highly encouraging, being much of it in view: from Knapwell Wood he went through Elsworth Wood, and off to Papworth Meadows, and returning, was killed near to Madryll Cheere, Esquire's.—This chase was run with eight couple of hounds.—Only three horsemen were in at the death.

In the morning of Wednesday, the 14th instant, a very large field of sportsmen met at Drayton Castle, to witness the turning out of a doe. There were at least a hundred horsemen, and a great concourse of spectators on foot, who came from Norwich and the adjacent villages to see the diversion.—At eleven the doe was turned off, and, after a short start, grazed at leisure until the hounds were laid on, when she took across the country to the right of Drayton; she, however, soon headed, and passing near that village to the river, made a short circuit, and again stretched towards St. Faith's. Near that town she turned, crossed the river at Stone-hills, within about a mile of Norwich, and ran straight away through Earlham and the neighbouring towns, to Carlton, where she was taken, at half past two, by some pursuers on foot, without injury. The chase thus lasted three hours and a half, during which time the hounds must have gone over near forty miles of country.

A very fine female otter was lately taken at Taverham, in a bow net. She had pursued a pike into the net, which she had partly devoured, but was unable to make her escape. Two other young otters have been taken alive in the same river, and are now in a tame state at Costessey-hall, the seat of Sir William Jerningham. These animals, when domesticated, may be instructed to catch fish, and to bring them ashore uninjured.

From the Whitehaven Paper.—The fine horse *Skiddaw*, advertised in this paper, (allowed, by all who have seen him, to be one of the most beautiful animals of his species) is one of the first thorough-bred horses in England. He was sent down by the Earl of Egremont, to Mr. Wood, of Cockermouth, with a view to the improvement of the breed of horses in this county.

At Norbrook races, Oxfordshire, on Wednesday, the 22d instant, the Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, were won by Sir T. Mostyn's b. h. Cauliflower, beating Mr. Cope's h. Romeo.—The Farmer's Cup, given by the Hunt, and 10gs. to the second horse, was won by Mr. Hitchcock's g. h. beating Mr. Pell's g. h. and four others.—The Hack Stakes of 5gs. each, were won by Sir T. Mostyn's h. beating Mr. Cope's Fly-by-Night.

We observe, in the *York Herald* of the 11th instant, that there is to be sold a chesnut colt, rising three years old, got by Delpini; dam, Astarté, by St. Paul, Highflyer,

Jewel,

Jewel, (sister to Jessica) by Squirrel; Blank; out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second. St. Paul was got by Saltram, out of Purity, the dam of Rockingham. Engaged on Saturday in York August Meeting, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. (14 subscribers;) also in the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster. The colt has gone through his physic, and is fit for work. Also to be sold, a grey colt, his own brother, rising two years old.—For price and particulars, enquire of Mr. Wm. Pick, Castlegate-lane, York.

Kenyon-House.—Col. Thornton's dinner at Kenyon-House, on Wednesday, the 8th instant, given in honour of the soldiers of the York, was conducted in the style of old English hospitality. The matchless service of plate, given by them for his services, &c. was, of course displayed; and after dinner the gold cup was filled with champagne and red constantia, when the following toasts were drank:—

The Soldiers of the York; of them more hereafter: with three times three cheers.—The King, and long may he reign.—The Prince, and may the late wise regulations at Carlton-House prove a lesson to be followed by the rest of the Royal Family.—May hemp bind those whom honour cannot.—The immortal patron of patriotism and virtue, Charles Watson Wentworth, late Marquis of Rockingham.—Sir George Savile *.—Honest John, afterwards Ensign Smith, &c.—May the House of Commons divest themselves from party differences, and attend only to the good of the nation.—To the memory of that man who first planned, and brought into Parliament, the Militia Bill: with three times three.—Lord Milton and his plumpers.—The Marchioness of Lansdown †.—The Ladies of Devonshire and Somersetshire ‡.—Colonel Wardle.—Lord Folkstone.—Mr. Whitbread.—Mr. Wynne, and all the virtuous Members of the House of Commons.—Liberty without licentiousness.——After a few songs—Falconry, the Sports of the Field, &c. &c.

The watchman's hollow voice broke up the party at an early hour.

The 24th of April is fixed upon for the grand cavalcade of the Whip Club; they start, four-in-hand, from Cavendish-square, for Salthill, near Windsor. Yorkshire drab close-bodied coats, with long skirts, and broad-brimmed hats, will be the *dash*. Mr. Buxton will take precedence, as usual. Twenty-two barouche landaus are expected to start.

A young *dashing Etonian*, this month, raised a popular hoax against a detachment of the *Barouche Club Whips*, by parading round Grosvenor and Berkeley-squares, in the rear of three of those fashionable vehicles, in a low phaeton,

* And may that statue of his, proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, and ordered by the county of York to be sculptured, never decay, and prove an incentive to the rising generation to be *great* and *free*.

† From whom the Colonel received a most superb set of gold embossed buttons, worn with the soldiers' medallion on this day.

‡ The ladies who attended the Colonel's court-martial, and presented him with a medallion, and gave balls, &c. &c.

phaeton, drawn by well-bitted *Jack-asses* four in hand.

On Friday the 24th, the Serjeant-Sadler of the 18th regiment of Light Dragoons, commanded by Brigadier-General Stewart, exhibited before the Commander in Chief, for his approbation, an improved saddle, to carry two pistols instead of one, and with a more convenient way of carrying the horse-shoes. The saddle being exhibited on a horse at the door of the Commander in Chief's Office, attracted the attention of a number of Military Officers.

It is a fact no less singular than true, that as his Royal Highness the Duke of York was coming up, the 24th inst. in his chaise and four, from Windsor to town, one of the leaders fell, and was dragged by the other horses for a considerable distance. The carriage was soon stopped, and no accident of a serious nature ensued. But it took place almost exactly opposite to Mrs. Clarke's house, in the King's-road, Westbourn-place. Either, however, she was not at home, or she had the delicacy and good-breeding not to present herself or to appear at the windows.

Wonderful Escape.—On Monday, the 20th inst. as Mr. Newton, of Stoke, was coming into Bath, in a one-horse chaise, his horse took fright near the turnpike on the lower Bristol road, and leaping at the gate, in a most surprising manner cleared it, and dragged the carriage after without overturning it or throwing out his driver, who stopped his progress by overthrowing the gig against a heap of stones, lying at a short distance on the road. Mr. Newton was only slightly bruised upon the arm; but the turnpike man received a severe contusion on his temple, and remains extremely ill.

A Caution.—a newspaper notices, that Mr. Luther lately riding too near a led horse, in the New-road, he struck out with both legs, and kicked and broke Mr. Luther's thigh. Servants and others, who have led horses, should keep the led horse on the off side the road, and persons passing, should never pass on that side, or next to the led horse.

On Monday, the 27th instant, a pigeon-match for fifty guineas took place on Hounslow-heath, between King, the keeper, and Mr. Cotes, a farmer, at fifteen birds each. The farmer, who sprung up as a novice, astonished the knowing ones by killing fourteen of his birds, and he won the match; which, however, was not decided until King missed his twelfth bird, two having previously got away with a strong charge. There was another match in Mary-le-bone fields, in which Messrs. Norton, Collison, and Street, displayed their skill.

A mare, belonging to Mr. Harrow, of Tottenham-court, on Friday the 17th, trotted sixteen miles within an hour, on the Colnbroke Road, for a wager of 80 guineas. The animal is under fifteen hands high, and was purchased at Aldridge's in November, with broken knees, and in short broke down, for eight pounds. The owner was on Friday offered a hundred guineas for her, which he refused.

Fracas.——A boxing match, which drew together comparatively as many people as witnessed in a prize ring, took place on Sunday night, the 19th instant, in Oxford-street,

street, between Mr. Fontenay, an artist, in Charlotte-street, and a Mr. Savage, in consequence of the latter having partly succeeded in running away with Miss F. the sister of the former. It was understood that the visits of Mr. S. had been encouraged by the young lady, who is the *toast* of the neighbourhood, against the consent of her papa, and on Saturday it was discovered, by a peep at a note Miss had received, that her lover would be in waiting at the end of the street at dusk, and at half-past eight the lady went out, followed privately by her brother and a man servant. The loving couple were surprised in Oxford-street by their pursuers, and the lady was taken home by the servant; whilst the brother chastised her beloved in a battle of twenty minutes. Mr. Savage, who is a man of property, fought a duel for an inn-keeper's daughter a fortnight ago.

A GREAT crowd assembled at Willsden-green, on Tuesday the 21st instant, to see a pitched battle between a butcher and a baker. Just previous to the set-to, some constables from Hatton - garden Office appeared, and stopped the proceedings. A bull was however baited on the spot, and the match of fisty-cuffs was decided two miles further on the road at dusk in the evening. It was a hard battle, and won by the baker.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Mr. Howe, the walker, who started on Wednesday the 8th inst. to go to Exeter from London, and return in six days, being 343 miles, at the rate of 58 a day, has struck modern walkers with astonishment. The pedestrian started at four o'clock in the morning, and arrived near Andover (64 miles), at nine o'clock at night, his longest stoppage having been half an hour at Basingstoke; but the following day he walked 70 miles, and on the third day he dined at Exeter, stopped there three hours, and returned to Honiton to sleep, 16 miles towards London. But the fourth day Mr. Howe reached within nine miles of Salisbury; and slept at a public-house, near Basingstoke, on the fifth night; and he performed the other 49 miles comfortably, by six o'clock in the evening on the sixth day. The match was for 200 guineas, and Mr. Howe stood half the stake.

A MATCH of a mile, for one hundred guineas, took place on Friday, the 3d instant, near Hampton, between Captain Anning, (who went two hundred yards in the Park a short time since with wonderful speed) and a man from Eaton, of the name of Forbes. The Captain run his adversary the mile for twenty guineas, with a bye-bet that he did the distance within five minutes. He won both bets, having beat his adversary two hundred yards, and completed the mile in four minutes and fifty seconds.

ON Sunday the 19th inst. a young man, a shoemaker, named Harrup, undertook for a wager of ten guineas to go on foot from London-bridge to the eight-mile stone, Shooter's-hill, and back again, in one hour and forty minutes; but he completed the whole distance in six minutes less than the given time. A great many bets were depending upon the issue.

CAPTAIN Hewetson, the pedestrian, ran two miles on the Uxbridge road, on Tuesday the 21st, in three seconds under ten minutes, at two starts, for a wager of fifty guineas.

IT

It was stated some time since, that Captain Barclay had offered to back himself for 1000 guineas to go 1000 miles in the same number of hours, and not to go more than one mile in each hour. The match has been made with Mr. Webster; and Captain Barclay will undertake the prodigious task on the 1st of June, at Newmarket, on a piece of turf. The labour will occupy six weeks within eight hours, and the pedestrian cannot take more than one hour and forty minutes rest at a time during the performance, allowing him by exertion to go a mile in ten minutes at the beginning of the hour, and the other mile in the same time at the end of the next hour.—— The Captain backs himself freely: and bets are in favour of time. Three hundred guineas are staked on each side, and the thousand is to be made good at a certain time, or the deposit to be forfeited.

On Friday the 10th, a very extraordinary wager was decided upon the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon. A gentleman of the former place had betted a considerable sum of money, that he would go, a yard from the ground, upon stilts, the distance of twelve miles, within the space of four hours and a half: no stoppage was to be allowed, except merely the time taken up in exchanging one pair of stilts for another, and even then his feet were not to touch the ground. He started at the second mile-stone from Cambridge in the Huntingdon road, to go six miles out and six in: the first he performed in one hour and fifty minutes, and did the distance back in two hours and three minutes, so that he went the whole in three hours and 53 minutes, having 37 minutes to spare beyond the time allowed him: he appeared a good deal fatigued, and his hands, we understand, were much blistered, from the continued pressure upon one part. This, we believe, is the first performance of the kind ever attempted; but as novelty appears to attract, as well as direct, the manners of the age, *stilting* may possibly become as fashionable in these, as *tilting* formerly was in better times.

The 3d inst. Wm. Glover was committed to the House of Correction, Ipswich, having been found pursuing a hare at Claydon.

An extraordinary instance of longevity lately occurred in the Island of Jamaica, in the person of Joseph Ram, a black man, belonging to Morrice Hall Estate, and who died in December last, at the advanced age of 140 years: he perfectly remembered the Duke of Albermarle, who succeeded to the Government of that Island in 1687. His daughter, Grace Martin, an inhabitant of Spanish Town, and upwards of 85 years of age, says he had a complete set of new teeth about twenty years ago, which remained sound to the day of his death. His hair had turned quite grey: he retained his sight and memory well, and had all his senses perfect, except that of smelling. He was stout, and inclined to corpulence—was never sick but once, and all the physic he ever took in his life was one dose of nut-oil. He had twenty-six children by different women. His appetite was always good, and a few days previous to his death, he walked a distance of four miles. His dissolution was gradual, and unattended by pain or sickness: it seemed, indeed, to be the mere decay of nature.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS HORSE.

Allusive to a Military Order for the Destruction of the British Cavalry Horses, during the late Retreat in Spain.

THE word is giv'n—my officers command,
Fond partner of my danger and my toil,
That thou should'st die by this now trembling hand,
And prostrate lie upon a foreign soil.

Thy ample back in confidence I've strode,
Depended on thee in the hour of fight,
And oft thy wanton tricks of fondness shewd
Thy master's prowess was thy chief delight.

Urg'd by my will, amidst the hostile ranks,
Hast thou sustain'd me in each desp'rate fray;
And is it thus my gratitude and thanks
Thy nobly daring service shall repay?

Brute as thou art, 'tis not for thee to trace
The cause whence flows the rugged soldier's tear:
And yet thou know'st it flows not from disgrace,
For thou hast borne me thro' the war's career.

When my bright scabbard bounded by thy side,
And shouts of victory or toils repaid,
The stately curvet, and the pacing stride,
None of our troop so gracefully display'd.

When charg'd by treble numbers we have fled,
Oppress'd and spent, the glance of thy quick eye
Has cheer'd my drooping soul, as if it said,
"We'll live together, or together die!"

And once (the time to memory is dear),
Plung'd from thy back in the contentious strife,
No brother comrade to assist me near,
Thy friendship, brutal friendship, sav'd my life.

Keen was the frost, the drifting snow fell thick
Upon the plain where late the battle rag'd,
Benumb'd with cold, my heart was deathly sick,
When my pale looks thy fost'ring care engag'd.

Thy body thou didst gently bend to earth,
And pressing to my breast its glowing heat,
I felt the vital current gain new birth—
I felt the chilly hand of Death retreat.*

The memory of that unnerves my hand;
'Tis that enforces the unmanly tear!
To singly charge the foe be their command,
I know a soldier's duty to revere.

* This incident was related to the author as a positive fact.

If on the "hope forlorn" I'm doom'd
to go,
Still 'tis my duty, and I'll not repine!
But I must perish, ere forget to know
Thy body fed the vital spark in mine.

VERSES,

Occasioned by a young Lady's drawing an old Bachelor in the habit of a Friar.

YOU mistake, my dear girl, I've no
wish for a cowl,
Or in some ancient abbey to mope like
an owl,
To a desart or convent I'll never retire,
I love mirth and good humour too well
for a friar.

When Phœbus shines bright, and soft
blows the gale,
I walk and I chat with the nymphs of
the vale;
I am charm'd when they sing, when they
touch the sweet lyre—
I love mirth and good humour too well
for a friar.

Tho' dangers lie hid in a full-flowing
bowl,
A moderate glass will enliven the soul;
Some sociable moments my spirits re-
quire—
I love mirth and good humour too well
for a friar.

Tho' long I've delay'd it, I hope 'tis my
lot
To wed some dear nymph (tho' we live
in a cot);
Let her "smile without art," and my
breast 'twill inspire
With such pleasure as never was known
by a friar.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.*

MR. EDITOR,

IN an excursion to the North of England, I was easily prevailed upon to see the *Luck of Edenhall*, celebrated in an ancient ballad, now exceeding scarce.—The only description I can give you of it is, a very thin bell-mouthed beaker glass, deep and narrow, ornamented on the outside with fancy work of coloured glass, and may hold something more than a pint. Tradition says, that a party of fairies were drinking and making merry round a well near the hall, called St. Cuthbert's Well, but being interrupted by the intrusion of some curious people, they were frightened, and made a hasty retreat, and left the cup in question, one of the last of the fairies screaming out,

"If this cup should break or fall,
"Farewell the Luck of Edenhall."

The ballad above alluded to is here inserted. It was written by the Duke of Wharton, and is called "THE EARL'S DEFEAT," to the tune of Chevy-Chase.

"*On both sides slaughter and gigantic deeds.*"

MILTON.

GOD prosper long from being broke,
The *Luck of Edenhall*;
A doleful drinking bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,
Duke Philip took his way;
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty Duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland,
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy Knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass'd about,
Six in a hand went round,
And, with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The Earl of Harold's ears,
"And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus slighted by my Peers;

"Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them, and quick;
And, Master Sheriff, come you too;
We'll know this scurvy trick."

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come!"
Did one at table say,

* Edenhall, the ancient seat of Sir Philip Musgrave, near Penrith, in Cumberland.

"'Tis

"'Tis well," replied the mettled Duke;
"How will he get away?"

When thus the Earl began, "Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me? sure this
You did not learn in France.

"One of us two for this offence
Under the board shall lie;
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So, some years hence, shall I.

"But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

"Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide"—
"Accurs'd be he," — Duke Wharton said,
"By whom it is denied."

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espied
He had the Earl secure,
He plied him with a full-pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these
After he downward sunk,
"My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk."

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip took
The sick man by the joint,
And said, "Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drank the pint!

"Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink,
For surely a more sober Earl
Did never swallow drink."

With that the Sheriff, in a rage,
To see the Earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale;
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,
Fast by the river Swale.

Who said he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by—
"So, Sheriff, I'm your man."

Now when these tidings reach'd the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that the 'Squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid—

"O, heavy tidings!" quoth the Duke,
"Cumberland witness be,
I have not any toper more,
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the Under Sheriff too,
Was fallen from his place.

"Now God be with him," said the Earl,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my town,
As drunken Knights as he."

Of all the number that was there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield,
But, with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the slain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Duchess fat,
And keep the land in peace!
And grant that drunkenness henceforth,
'Mong Noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our Royal Prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

Yours, &c.
J. J. B.

FIDELITY.

From Wordsworth's Poems.

A Barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He hastes, and searches with his eyes
Among the scatter'd rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern,
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and yelping runs about.

The

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent Tarn † below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely chear;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sun-beams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, awhile
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may.
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
Sad sight! the shepherd, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fall'n; that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remember'd, too, the very day
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hov'ring nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been thro' three months space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
On which the trav'ler thus had died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourish'd here through such long time,
HE knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

† Tarn is a small mere or lake, generally on the mountains.

AN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

ADIEU to my flocks of white sheep,
And adieu to the fields where they fed,
For though many the tears that I weep,
The devil a tear have they shed.

Ye lambs and ye lambkins adieu!
From the leasowe your poet is off;
Farewell to each ram and each ewe,
For I've got a most damnable cough.

The Devil may watch you for me,
I'm sure he'll be sick of the job;
For your Corydon's off, do you see,
Without ever sobbing a sob.

IRISH BINDING.

TEAGUE, a true honest soul as e'er trod Irish ground,
Once was sent by his master some books to get bound;
Bibles, essays, and poems, and works of *virtu*,
To be deck'd with gilt letters, in scarlet and blue:
When the artisan ey'd them, in terms of his trade,
"Some of these must be done in *Morocco*," he said;
"The Bibles in *Turkey*; and as for the rest,
I think *Basil* and *Russia* will suit them the best."
"Fait," says Teague, "hold your bodder, and outlandish stuff,
Sure, and wo'nt Irish binding look just well enough!
Why these outlandish elves would ye be after troubling?
Master told me to get 'em all bound here in Dublin."

N. S.

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